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HOW TO BE A REPUBLICAN

→ *and enjoy it!*

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

THE PURPOSE OF this book* is to propose a hopeful course of action for those millions of thoughtful Americans who have little enthusiasm for the present Republican Party but who are nonetheless convinced that there should be a change in 1952. A collateral purpose is to suggest to the already active Republicans ways to make the party more attractive to youth as well as to mature independents; to enunciate for the party a positive faith; and to express the hope that it may be converted into a dynamic instrument for human freedom.

Among objective minds there is no longer any doubt that 1952 is a pivotal year in the development of the United States of America. The nation is falling prey to that which Hamilton foresaw: *the mischief of factions*. The Democratic Party is no

longer a political party at all; it has become an alliance of factions, each of which distrusts the others, but all of which are willing to press together to make the federal government the servant of their material desires. In 1952 we either halt this process of exploitation of government by factional intrigue, or else we surrender the government irretrievably to the factions and await, with little hope, the creeping totalitarianism. A revived Republican Party seems the only alternative to a permanent, one-party, collectivist state with its cycle of more government, more debt, more taxes, more despair.

What is patently the first need is for millions of *young* Americans to *want* to join the Republican Party. Whether the party is to be blamed for not having made itself more attractive to youth during the last twenty years, or whether youth is to be blamed for not having kept the party more youthful—to debate

* To be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in March 1952. This is the first of several excerpts which will appear in *THE MERCURY*.

this question in 1952 is to waste time. However sad the Republican Party may be, it is the principal hope for a change; and the citizen who stands aloof from it now, the better to criticize it, will be registering approval of the one-party state.

The American who maintains a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude in 1952 toward the two political parties will be as unrealistic as the nation which attempts to remain "neutral" in the struggle between Russia and the West.

What is to be hoped for now is that the Republican Party will seek militantly to attract youth, while, at the same time, youth will pour into the desiccated ranks, revitalize the party, and make it serve a new Cause worthy of the devotion of young and old alike.

A state-size example of this hopeful process is available. In 1938 Minnesota was afflicted with what now afflicts the nation: a moribund state Republican organization and a corrupt Democratic government. To the state's rescue came a college-formed group led by Harold Stassen flying the Republican banner. The Stassen group was roundly resented by the Republican leaders, but it captured the party, forced the reluctant old guard to follow, won the elections, and gave Minnesota twelve years of honest, intelligent, hopeful government.

For all of us, young or old, North or South, who want to register a

protest in 1952; for all of us who believe that there may be some virtue even in change itself; for all of us who would like to try to arrest the drift toward collectivism, the Republican Party is the best hope. Either an abstention or a Democratic vote will be a request for more Truman, more collectivism, more spending, more taxes, more mink coats for more bureaucrats.

How the Republican Party Was Formed

THE AVERAGE ADULT American today has little recollection of a Republican administration. A man—
forty-two years old has seen only Democratic Presidents in his adult lifetime, while a man of thirty can't even remember a President before Roosevelt. We have two generations of Americans whose information about Republicans has come from that speech of Alben Barkley's which begins: "In 1932 America was in ashes. . . ." In 1952, if we are to construct a dynamic conservative party on a Republican base, we should know that the base is generally conceded to be sound.

Dr. William Starr Myers has written:

All historians are united in the opinion that the first Republican National Convention, which met in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856, was composed of men who were of singular patriotism, unselfish idealism, and unusual integrity. The early Re-

publicans went into their party with the spirit of real crusaders. They were not merely enthusiasts but also men of common sense who knew what they wanted, why they wanted it, and for reasons they were not afraid openly to express. Spoils and personal profit were conspicuous by their absence from any influence, for success was too remote in prospect to attract the mere place-hunter or potential grafter. This high moral enthusiasm, fanned to a white heat by later warfare on the actual battlefield, lasted for years and accomplished untold good for our country, although at times it was used by designing demagogues or callous criminals for their own benefit. All of this was inevitable, and it should not cause later generations of Americans to forget the high moral character and purpose of these early Republicans.

The birth of the Republican Party was honorable, and, for 1952, here are a few more significant sidelights on its history:

► Among the delegates to the first convention was Alphonso Taft, ancestor of the present Senator from Ohio.

► That the party was a sectional one was demonstrated in its first election. Its Presidential candidate, John C. Fremont, carried eleven states, but he received not a single vote in ten Southern states! Ninety-six years later, in 1952, we still have the problem of trying to convert what was a sectional party into a truly national party.

► Lincoln, the first Republican President, had been a Whig and was a conservative. Lincoln distrusted Liberals. Toward slavery he was a gradualist: he believed that the way to kill it was to let it die. He held the abolitionists in contempt; he had introduced a resolution in the Illinois legislature to this effect: "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to promote than to abate its evils." After he had clapped John Brown into jail, he remarked: "A sincere fool without common sense is the most dangerous influence imaginable."

► Despite Lincoln, most Republican leaders made war on the South for forty years. Thaddeus Stevens and the Vindictives created the one-party system in the South by forcing even Southern conservatives to join the Democratic Party by Negro suffrage. Lincoln himself never favored or envisaged wholesale enfranchisement of Negroes; and, like "Thee" Bilbo, he wanted the slaves colonized in Haiti or Liberia.

There was no particular reason why a white Southerner, even as late as 1940, should want to vote Republican; yet in 1952 here is the Southern situation: the Negroes, voting in increasing numbers, will vote almost solidly Democratic in the foreseeable future. They are one of the most numerous and most

united of the factions which expects to continue to utilize the Democratic Party as an instrument for its own material and social gain. The white Southerner can either go with the Negroes and the Democratic Party with the purpose of "getting more for the South," or else he can attempt to stand alone against factionalism, and in so doing he must join a Republican Party which, throughout most of its life, has treated the South either as an enemy or as a conquered colony.

The way of hope for the thoughtful Southerner, white or black, is to join the heretofore sectional Republican Party and try to convert it into a national force for the protection of individuals against factions.

By 1900 the last Civil War veteran had been elected President, and the Republican Party began to take on its modern character. The Republican platform of 1908 contained this paragraph:

The trend of Democracy is toward Socialism, while the Republican Party stands for wise and regulated individualism. Socialism would destroy wealth; Republicanism would prevent its abuse. Socialism would give to each an equal right to take; Republicanism would give to each an equal right to earn. Socialism would offer an equality of possession, which soon would leave no one anything to possess; Republicanism would give equality of opportunity, which would assure to each his share of a constantly increasing sum of possessions.

Americans under forty have been led to believe that the Democrats have a record of being "internationalist" while the Republicans have always been "isolationist." This isn't true. The Democratic Party in 1924 did not endorse the League of Nations, and in 1928 Franklin Roosevelt, running for governor of New York, denounced the League in terms which no Lodge ever used.

It is, moreover, naive to believe that only Republicans have demonstrated their isolationism by insisting on restrictive tariffs. The notorious Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of the Hoover administration was as much the work of Democrats as it was of Republicans. In the thirteenth month, log-rolling wrangle over that act, Senator Connally, of Texas, a Democrat, voted against more tariff decreases and for more tariff increases than did Senator Copeland, of New York, a Republican.

For the young American or the mature independent of 1952 here is an appraisal of the two parties up to 1932. The Republican Party for seventy years had generally been in control. It was a sectional party, anti-Southern, capable of progress on occasion, and it generally tried to operate to the interest of Northern property owners. The Democratic Party was the party of protest, the haven of the discontented, and thus its votes were more generally "deliverable." The corrupt

city machines of the North were Democratic because they drew power from discontented, deliverable, racial-minority groups. In the South even the large property owners were Democrats — there was only the one party — because the South had been hated, conquered, and pillaged by the creators of the Republican Party.

The Republican Party was more generally composed of individualists, and, being conservative, was the more successful administrator of the nation's affairs. The Democratic Party was more generally made up of groups and factions; it was the innovating party; and on the rare occasions when it had been allowed to administrate, it had been generally unsuccessful.

The Republican Party did not "cause the depression;" it had, in fact, initiated a number of relief measures; but the depression, with its widespread discontent, gave the discontented factions of the Democratic Party their most lucrative chance to seize power in 1933, to innovate, and then to fatten.

Why We Have Had To Have Recurring "New Deals"

It is now trite to say that there was nothing new about the New Deal. From ancient Greece to Andrew Jackson to Theodore Roosevelt, every society which has called itself "free" has had to have recurring "new deals." This is because

men like to shout: "Liberty and Equality!" Men, apparently, yearn to believe that the two ideals are compatible; men resist the truth that where liberty exists there can be no equality, and equality can be achieved only at the sacrifice of liberty. Given liberty, men compete; the few who are resolute and talented acquire wealth and power; and soon the many losers begin demanding a "new deal."

The great, good, but disorderly mind of Thomas Jefferson has confused Americans now for almost two centuries. To Jefferson our democratic society would be composed of a collection of individuals, fundamentally alike in their abilities and desserts. The good things of life which had formerly been monopolized by a privileged few were now to be distributed among all the people. Jefferson oversimplified: to him all America needed was just liberty — and then the least possible government. Individual Americans needed merely to be protected against privileges and to be let alone, whereafter the native goodness of human nature would accomplish the perfect consummation.

Jefferson sought an essentially equalitarian and even socialistic result by means of an individualistic machinery. His theory implied a complete harmony both in logic and in effect between the idea of liberty and the idea of equality.

Jefferson believed that the gov-

ernment should be a "pure democracy." Whatever the people demanded, their leaders should perform. Ours was to be a government of and by the people, not a government for the people by popular but responsible leaders; and the leaders to whom the people delegated their authority had, in theory, no right to pursue an unpopular policy. The people were to guide their leaders, not their leaders the people; and any intellectual or moral independence or initiative on the part of leaders in our democracy was to be condemned as undemocratic.

Jefferson's life was a tragedy of confusion. Once he gained power he found that he had to adopt the methods, if not the creed, of his adversaries; and perhaps the supreme irony of 1951 is that Jefferson, who believed that the "best governed people were the least governed people," has become the patron saint of the Pendergast Gang. A Truman government, which daily seeks new powers to regulate the people, and which now claims forty cents out of every inflated dollar of income — such a government operates under what it claims is the approving countenance of Jefferson!

What the prospective young Republican should understand today is this: Individual competition, even when it starts under fair conditions and rules, results, not only, as it should, in the triumph of the strongest, but in *the attempt to perpetuate*

the victory. It is this attempt to perpetuate the victory which must be recognized and forestalled in the interest of the American national purpose. Every generation of free men must deal with the problem of adjustment between the idea of liberty and the idea of equality. Every generation must oppose the tendency of the victors to perpetuate their victory. And here is a fact of our times: in opposing this tendency of victors to perpetuate their victory, it is right and proper for Americans to employ *official national action*.

In short: in 1932 the time had truly arrived for a new deal; the oft-recurring necessity for an adjustment between liberty and equality had recurred; action had to be taken; great concentrations of wealth — the old attempt to perpetuate the victory — had to be attacked; and it was proper that we take this necessary action *as a nation*.

These are points difficult for old guard Republicans to accept. They couldn't accept them in 1932: that was why the Republican Party lost its opportunity to be the architect of the readjustment which was necessary in 1932. The Republican Party by 1932 had demonstrated an inability to employ action — *national government action* — to combat national economic disaster. The Democratic Party in 1932 promised, and subsequently delivered, rapid, national action. So the Republican

Party was properly defeated in 1932, and the Democratic Party was properly given power to initiate change.

If the Republican Party is to be a happy, dynamic, and effective instrument in 1952, it must first lie on the psychiatric couch and be relieved of some old fixations. It must understand why it was ineffective in 1932, and why its defeat was imperative. It must concede the *propriety of national action* in the adjustments between liberty and equality. National action was proper in 1933; it is proper now; it will be proper in the future. Any denial of this is hopelessly reactionary.

A practice in thinking for Republicans who want to be happy and militant again is the Tennessee Valley Authority. In fact, the TVA can be a useful dividing point in this appeal to Republicans. All those Americans who still believe that TVA was improper can align themselves in a rather hopeless category. All that they can effectively contribute to a successful Republican effort in 1952 are votes and money; they will only handicap the rest of us if they attempt to impress their views.

For prospective Republicans, old and young, however, who want to be effective and happy, here is how to think about TVA. In 1937 I wrote these words in a letter:

I don't believe our nation, our dream, our ideal, has been seriously damaged by the New Deal legisla-

tion. I believe our development story is continuing — and continuing hopefully. Evidence that it is continuing is, I believe, provided by the TVA.

Do you find it incongruous that I, a conservative, should consider TVA hopeful? I have regarded TVA as a conservative project. TVA is the principal reason why I quieted my apprehensions about Big Government and voted for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt seems to understand what his adversaries do not understand: 1) that the damming of a river is a proper, conservative function of government; 2) that if the dam can be utilized to prevent floods and also to generate cheap electricity, this happy coincidence is no threat to freedom but a blessing; and 3) that the discouragement of monopolies in a republic is not radical but quite conservative. TVA to me is but proof that America can still grow; it's no step toward statism. The Scot-Irish farmer in the Tennessee Valley, who'll kill you for impinging on his freedom, will not be converted to Communism by being able, through government, to harness the river to make it cool his milk, light his house, preserve his produce, and wash his clothes. When American conservatism seeks to bar such developments as TVA, then conservatism has become obstructionism and deserves only to be crushed.

Have even the oldest Republicans forgotten that in 1928 a Republican government permanently retained the power sites and power privileges on public land? Have they forgotten

that it was a far-seeing Republican named Gifford Pinchot who pioneered our national conservation program?

Somewhere in the battling of the Thirties the cause of conservatism in America got mixed up with the utility lobbies. Every man who wasn't a breast-beating Liberal Democrat found himself being forced into bed with Commonwealth & Southern. The party of individual freedom; the party which in 1904 was busting the trusts — here in 1934 was resenting the natural fact that water running over a dam can produce electricity.

There is nothing dangerous, or revolutionary, or Communistic, about the American people building power dams and making abundant power available to either industry or agriculture at the cheapest possible price. If the river runs through several states, obviously a supra-state agency should plan the dams; and any party which opposes so logical an innovation is too-fearful of change.

Any young American who risked a Republican vote from 1936 to 1948 had also to take this risk: that a Republican government would sabotage TVA, along with the vast power development of the Northwest, and that such hopeful potentialities as the Missouri River Authority and the St. Lawrence Seaway would be indefinitely postponed.

On the power issue the way to hope and happiness for old Republicans in 1952 is this: understand and acknowledge that the old obstructionism to public dams was unwise — it was not even sound conservatism. And forswear the compromise position that a public dam is a proper edifice as long as it controls floods but becomes improper once the water flowing over it begins generating electricity.

Young men should enter the Republican Party with this determination: the party henceforth will advocate the rapid and sound development of all the national resources, and the party will not hesitate to designate the federal government as the developing agency wherever it seems logical to do so.

The New Deal of 1933 was only one of several such deals in American history. At least one such deal is usually necessary in the span of a human life. The time seems almost at hand for yet another new deal, and this time it seems probable that the adjustment will have to be made in favor of liberty instead of equality.

The new, hopeful Republican in 1952 should understand this.

Why Change Is Necessary in 1952

If most of the New Deal was proper, and if the Republican Party has, in the past, proved incapable of making the adjustments between

liberty and equality, then why is a Republican administration so desirable in 1952?

The first argument for a change involves the nature of power. Any administration which has been in power for twenty years should be suspect, and the corruption of the present administration does not have to be exposed; it bursts out onto the front pages every week. The vigor of the New Deal has long since abated, and what is left now in Washington are the cynical exploiters.

Gone is all the grandeur from the American government, and instead we have only the contemptible poutings and boastings of a Truman. Even the gay irresponsibles of the New Deal are gone, and in their stead are the Missouri *muzhiks* seeking the poker game, the bourbon bottle, and the loose dollar.

In such an extremity there is virtue even in change itself.

The second and even more powerful argument for a change involves the basic fault of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. By 1937 Roosevelt had fallen prey to advisers who had insinuated themselves into the American government in order to subvert it. They were not interested in a simple readjustment between liberty and equality; they were interested in destroying liberty and changing the basic concept of the American government. They

were typified by Dean Acheson fawning over a Russian ambassador in 1933 and drinking toasts after the recognition of the Soviet government.

The Russia-worshippers like Acheson have wanted to re-make America in the Soviet image. They have labored to destroy the traditional checks-and-balances: where is the American Supreme Court today? There was once a time when the Supreme Court inspired reverence. The Russia-worshippers have labored to discredit Congress, and to exalt only the executive and the bureaucrat. They have labored to convert America into the monolithic, one-party, socialistic state — one member of a world organization of monolithic, one-party, socialistic states.

Those of us who are opposed to the philosophy of the Achesons and the Hisses; those of us who are concerned as much with freedom as with material security; those of us who believe that life is essentially an individual responsibility; those of us who want to preserve the traditional checks and balances; those of us who want the American heritage to continue to signify freedom as well as opportunity to be comfortable — we must find a way to make ourselves effective in 1952.

I believe we can best accomplish our purpose by trying to build an effective, hopeful Republican Party.

Issues For 1952

The 1952 elections will be fought, of course, not only on the basis of general principles, but on vitally important specific issues. On August 24 Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., issued a long statement on the MacArthur dismissal and its aftermath. Here we append some key paragraphs which we believe will be campaign issues in 1952.

If there had been imagination, vision and courage at the time of the Korean aggression, the Administration would have responded to the mood of unity and dedication which then existed in America and would have developed such overwhelming military strength that effective pressure could have been put on the instigators of the aggression and the conflict between the executive and Gen. MacArthur would never have occurred. Instead, that mood of unity and dedication was allowed to fritter away.

Leaving out of account the future conduct of the war in Asia, there can be no question but that Gen. MacArthur's administration in Japan should have been continued until the current negotiations regarding a treaty of peace with Japan had been concluded.

The hearings underlined the now well known fact that our military victory at the end of World War II was accompanied and immediately followed by tragic miscalculations of such importance as to rob us of many of the fruits of victory. The utter disintegration of our armed forces well nigh destroyed the influence for peace which we possessed at the end of hostilities and made possible that colossal expansion of the Soviet Union. To this one mistake can be attributed most of our present day troubles in the international field.

* * *

China turned from a land of traditional friendship with America into a bitter and aggressive Communist enemy. How much this disastrous change was due to causes beyond our control and how much it can be charged to errors of individual Americans remains a mystery. In any case, it occurred and those who happen to be in power must accept the blame for failure, just as they accept the credit for success.

* * *

The decision to leave Korea in June, 1949, now appears as an error

which undoubtedly played a big part in making an invasion of Korea seem to the aggressors to be a profitable venture. Had we kept the flag flying, it is doubtful that the aggression would ever have taken place.

The fact that the bombing of Chinese bases is a technical question, should not blind us to the fact that the desire to end the war in Korea and thus keep faith with the troops is not a technical question at all.

* * *

The evidence indicates unmistakably that we are not keeping faith with the soldiers in Korea insofar as making maximum use of the time which they are gaining for us is concerned. While they sacrifice their all over there, we muddle along in an atmosphere of politics and business as usual over here.

* * *

The evidence shows that the Soviets are gaining on us in strategic aviation; are actually ahead of us in tactical aviation and in air defense; and that the current Administration proposals will not give us this utterly vital superiority in air power. While the Army and Navy are equally vital, in the present state of the world, aviation is the point of the spear. We should use the precious time which the men in Korea are gaining for us to build this strength as rapidly as possible. But we are not doing so.

* * *

The evidence also shows that the

effort to develop effective Allies has not proceeded as rapidly or on as large a scale as should have been the case. Had we begun such an effort in 1945 by training selected young military leaders, there would at the time of the Korean outbreak have been effective and friendly military forces in many countries — notably in Korea and in China — where we have instead been required to use a disproportionate number of our own troops. In Europe, too, the development of military units of volunteers for freedom can mean legitimate saving of American man power which singly cannot carry the load — on land, on sea and in the air — which otherwise will be expected of it.

* * *

We should cease obliging the Soviet Union by splitting with our allies in one part of the world over what happens in the other. For the Soviets to succeed in using Far Eastern questions as a device to break up the North Atlantic alliance would be the cheapest great victory in history and would brand our diplomacy as asinine before the world.

But we cannot expect foreign policy and diplomacy to be conducted dynamically and with real drive and enthusiasm so long as there is the present lack of public confidence in the State Department. . . . It is tragic that some of the most essential steps to create that confidence have not been taken.

*Its own Secretary of State, trouble-shooting
Ambassadors, and a will to fight back, make up*

AMERICAN LABOR'S ANTI-COMINFORM

David J. Dallin

Bad Nauheim, Germany — Stalin is peeved at American labor, and all Soviet propaganda media have accordingly been given the task of vilifying the American trade union movement. In recent months monitors of Soviet radio, and readers of the Communist press, have been regaled with a continuing series of almost unparalleled absurdities.

Few Americans, for example, are aware of a sinister conversation held recently between Germany's Kurt Schumacher and the American Federation of Labor's Irving Brown. On the agenda was a discussion of Germany's female surplus, and Brown was quick to suggest a solution. The girls could be sent to amuse young Americans who recently volunteered for work in Africa. Full employment was assured.

One reason why Americans do not know of this infamous proposal (in addition to our having a venal press, of course) is because it was never made. Radio Moscow, properly feeling the need for documentation, gave as its source a French newspaper, *Le Soir*, which — Soviet listeners were not told — is Communist.

After setting afloat innumerable such items, Soviet propagandists sigh and suggest that their listeners draw their own conclusions. This — what the listener has heard described — is the level of Western trade unionism. Its leaders have full time jobs doing nothing but selling out the membership to an army of industrial tycoons, always ready with checkbook in hand. The only other duty which takes time from this

F O R E I G N I N T E L L I G E N C E

routine is that of offering and accepting bribes.

What has particularly aroused the enmity of the Soviet leaders is the fact that American labor since the war has not seen fit to restrict itself to merely functioning as a domestic economic movement. Rather, it has developed its own unique foreign policy, one which has in significant ways differed from that of the State Department and both political parties.

During the recent wartime love fest with the Soviet Government, the AFL — led by such men as William Green, Matthew Woll, David Dubinsky and Jay Lovestone — remained free of popular delusions about the Communist state. “To believe Stalin,” to “Have faith in Stalin” were the keynotes of our wartime policy. All critical thought on the subject was to be put into mothballs. But the AFL, from the time of the initial shipments of supplies to Soviet Russia through the Yalta agreements, chose to do its own thinking.

It is a matter of record that the AFL did not curb its traditional hostility to Communism, not even when the highest American quarters recommended such an uncritical approach as being the “patriotic” thing to do. Nor did the AFL cease its criticisms of Soviet conditions of life, particularly the substandard conditions of Soviet wage earners.

Nor did it ever approve the perilous Far Eastern policies of the State Department which were to result in the victory of Mao on the Asiatic continent, a victory which was to bring about a long war in Korea. The CIO, during this period, had been infiltrated to a certain degree by the American Communist Party. The AFL had not.

With the end of the war, Moscow entered the international trade union organization which had formerly been called the “Amsterdam International.” It was immediately apparent that the Soviet trade unions, with their bloated official membership statistics, would strive for domination of the new group. So deeply rooted, however, was the newly created trust in Stalin, and so enormous was the fear of “remaining outside” and being castigated as splitters, that the overwhelming majority of trade union organizations blinded themselves to the Soviet role. They stayed in the World Federation of Trade Unions (the WFTU). The French and Italians were naturally among its constituents, and even the British cooperated, Bevin and Deakin among them. The CIO was there, too.

The AFL, the only large national labor body to oppose the new international, spurned it. The decision was not easy to make. The leaders of the AFL had to renounce all the popular slogans of the time, especially the hydra-headed slogans of

"unity," "international cooperation," and "faith in our great ally." The AFL had to turn a deaf ear to suggestions and advice from high American officials. The organization knew that it would be accused of "isolationism" and "sabotage." Yet the AFL was sufficiently farsighted to defy these counsels and to retain courage in the face of possible pitfalls. Instead of succumbing to the clamorous ballyhoo, it quietly went about planning and setting up its own foreign service structure, and concentrated on evolving its own foreign policies.

In the meantime, the so-called World Federation of Trade Unions — under Soviet leadership, with headquarters in Paris — was behaving as if determined to confirm the worst expectations of its American critics. Its real masters were Russian Communists to whom the international labor party was merely another front organization, a Soviet political tool. The Soviets, at all times, drew attention to the great numbers of Soviet trade unionists and demanded proportionate representation. The catch was that in a nation where trade union membership is as obligatory as a ration-card or a passport, and where dues are collected by the fake trade unions as mechanically as taxes, all wage earners automatically become "trade unionists." Russia, with its 25 million "unionists," naturally sat at the top of the organization. The satel-

lites soon erected similar networks, that is, state agencies called trade unions, China adopting the method in 1948-50. Today, the Communist-led "trade union" International claims a membership of 70 million, although the only important labor groups in it are the French and Italian, whose total membership is below five million.

AS THE CONFLICT between East and West deepened, the Moscow-guided International became a subsidiary Cominform. Paying little attention to legitimate labor issues, it made pronouncements on the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact, putting its seal of approval on Soviet condemnations. It supported the Moscow "peace movement" and the Moscow "Stockholm Petition." Its activities degenerated to those of a simple Soviet propaganda agency in Paris. Finally, the French Government gave the WFTU orders to pack up and move.

This happened early in 1951, after the split had become complete. Desertions had started in 1947-48, when the independent trade unions rebelled and began to get out. The British were the first to rebel. They were joined by the CIO and by the great majority of Western trade union federations.

It was a moment of genuine triumph for the American Federation of Labor. Time had vindicated the courageous men who had not bowed

to systematized delusion, and vindication had come sooner than expected. Now, the AFL became the natural leader of the new International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Headquarters were established in Brussels, and the organization today has a membership of fifty-three million. On paper it is not as large as its Communist rival, but its members — unlike those of the Communist world — are real, and genuinely voluntary recruits.

The success of the new International Confederation was due in no small degree to the personalities of its leaders in the international field, Matthew Woll, David Dubinsky, George Meany, Jay Lovestone and George Harrison. Minister of Foreign Affairs, so to put it, is actually Jay Lovestone, an expert in the international field, a man undoubtedly too little publicized on the American scene. A former Communist, he had risen high in the Party and for a time bore the same title which Stalin has carried for over two decades — General Secretary. He was expelled from the Comintern in 1929 and today is hated violently by the Communists. Quietly, but with extreme competence, Lovestone has weaved his six envoys in the East and West into a well-coordinated political and labor network. Serving under Lovestone are Serafino Romualdi in Latin America, Harry Rutz in Germany, Richard Deverall in the

Far East, Harry Goldberg in India, and William Etter in Formosa.

Ambassador in Europe is Irving Brown, former New York University athlete, short-time former Communist, an organizer of the United Automobile Workers Union, and later member of the War Production Board. In 1945 he took up his present job as European representative of the AFL.

The job of representing well a strong and wealthy United States in chaotic and disturbed Europe today, is a difficult one. American help is needed in Europe, and, under a semi-haze, Europeans genuinely seek America's good will and friendship. Yet a kind of pride, increased by raucous propaganda of various kinds, often keeps Europeans at a distance from America. The subject of independence is artificially emphasized.

Plainly, the first requirement for a successful envoy under such conditions is an unusual sense of tact. That this quality is frequently lacking when it should be present is illustrated by the unfortunately-remembered incident involving a poster prepared by an American agency to popularize the Marshall Plan in France. It shows Uncle Sam fishing the drowning Marianne (France) out of the water.

European trade unions also needed help. Anti-Communist unions were often extremely poor, their material wealth characterized by unheated offices, no typewriters, no tele-

phones, underpaid or unpaid help. With such resources the Communists could not be fought adequately. American help came, but Soviet propagandists stood ready at the door. The United States, they shouted, was attempting to bribe Europe's trade unions. The Americans were "dissenters" and "splitters." They had broken with that "great labor body" the WFTU. Americans were "isolationists." No charge was too imaginative for the Stalintern.

Even food packages were exposed. They were merely the means by which the Americans were hoping to implement their base strategy of infiltrating Europe's trade unions, and dominating its leadership.

Given these conditions, it was more than difficult to provide anti-Communist unions with effective help, and to simultaneously avoid feeding Communist charges of domination. American diplomacy has more than once since the end of World War II been compelled to square this circle, and it has not always succeeded. For as long into the future as anyone can presently see, that task will remain among our most taxing.

Within the framework of its own foreign policy, American labor has succeeded remarkably in solving the problem of aiding non-Communist European labor unions without giving comfort to the Soviets. That this has been achieved is, in no small

part, due to the tact, intuition and relentless energy of its ambassador to Europe, Irving Brown. In 1946-47 his adversaries were in posts within the American occupation machinery. They had penetrated all kinds of governmental agencies during and after the war. At every step the AFL and its European envoy encountered Soviet agents in American disguise.

A striking example was furnished by the American attitude toward resurrected German trade unions. Communist influence in these unions was small. Left to itself the rapidly growing trade union movement would have unquestionably assumed a non-Communist orientation. That is why the Soviet occupation authorities could not afford to let the movement continue unimpeded. It directed its German helpers to mass all their forces to prevent the rebirth of the German Labor Federation so long as it was not dominated by Communists.

These delaying tactics received strong support from United States agencies in Germany. Enconced in the manpower division of the American occupation set-up was George Shaw Wheeler, a Communist. His record was no secret. It was well-known to the American authorities, and few anti-Communists were surprised when Wheeler concluded his "services" to his country by "seeking asylum" in Communist Czechoslovakia. Dennis Courtney worked

along the same lines as Wheeler. The chief of the two men, General McSherry, obediently followed the counsels of his labor experts. Everything possible was done by this team to alienate German non-Communist trade unionists. Trade union leaders were not permitted to travel freely in Germany. In the denazification process, the trade union leader was put to tests even more severe than those applied to German industrialists. It was not until the European envoy of the AFL intervened — Brown sharply attacking the above-mentioned men and their tactics — that the situation changed.

Appeasement was in vogue. In Stuttgart the American authorities closed down a German newspaper because it had criticized the inhuman methods used in the expulsion of millions of men and women from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. In the Soviet zone, abundant newsprint was put at the disposal of the Soviet-conformist press; in the Western zone, independent newspapers were without supplies.

It seems almost unbelievable today that only a few years ago United States agencies in Germany practically helped to build the notorious Socialist Unity Party, and that General Lucius Clay wanted to throw Kurt Schumacher, the anti-Communist socialist leader, into jail. At the time, Otto Grotewohl and a few other Social Democrats had turned their backs on their party and

agreed to unite with German Communists in one pro-Soviet organization. This was the nucleus of the SEP (Socialist Unity Party). These efforts ran into the uncompromising fury of Kurt Schumacher and the great majority of his party.

An important question arose: what attitude could be expected from the American authorities? Dissension on this issue arose in General Clay's offices. The ambiguous slogan of "neutrality" — meaning non-intervention in German affairs — was put forward. But since Kurt Schumacher's activities were hostile to "our great ally," General Clay wanted Schumacher threatened with imprisonment if he did not quit speaking and writing. How Marshal Sokolowsky would have rejoiced at such an act of American friendship if it had come to pass! But the British refused to go along, and Irving Brown, who frequently visited General Clay at the time, vehemently protested against the entire concept of "neutrality" in a fight between freedom and tyranny.

Subsequently, American policy in Germany changed. In the break with appeasement, the influence of American labor was obvious. Europe knew more about it than did most Americans.

EUROPE WAS ALREADY a major field of operations when the AFL decided to open a regular office there in 1946. Paris seemed a logical

choice as a site. When it became known, however, that Paris might be chosen, Benoit Franchon, a French Communist from the WFTU, "declared war." A private message was sent to Irving Brown informing him that his life would be in danger if the AFL should decide to locate in Paris. Brown refused to back down, but he was overruled by his superiors and Brussels was chosen for the headquarters.

From that point on, Brown was the *bête noire* of the Communists; he was located somewhere at the top of the list of the worst enemies of the Stalinern. *Trud*, the Soviet sheet, began to slander Brown in the most hysterical terms. *L'Humanité* and *La Vie Ouvrière* followed suit. "This agent of Wall Street," said Radio Moscow in May 1950, "this corrupt spy of the Americans, has again made his appearance." When the Cominform's "Protocol M" came to light, Moscow ran for cover and called the document a forgery. The "forger" was — said Moscow — Irving Brown. Brown is the "gray eminence of the yellow International," wrote *Drapeau Rouge* in December 1950. *Marseillèse* called him "one of the most ardent and most dangerous agents of the American imperialists." "Scarface" was another nickname given him by the same newspaper, which published a retouched photo. "Chief of the gang," "Scarface of the underworld." The Committee of Fighters for Peace

demanded that Brown be immediately expelled from France.

THERE HAVE BEEN a few turning points in Europe's postwar history. One of them was the November 1947 general strike in France which was a trial of the forces of the Communist Party, which had been shortly before excluded from the government. It was expected that if this strike developed successfully, a wave of insurrections would break out all over the country. A "revolutionary government" would arise which would open the gates of France to "help from outside" on the somber, well known pattern.

It was a fateful moment in France's history. The trade union center, the CGT (Confédération Générale de Travail) was Communist-dominated, and, as a disciplined and obedient Communist organization, belonged to the WFTU. The two organizations worked hand in hand. No vigorous opposition from labor ranks was discernible.

At this tense moment the situation was saved by those elements in the ranks of French labor which later united to form the Force Ouvrière — a rival to the Communist CGT. The Force Ouvrière — consisting of old syndicalists, socialists, and non-partisan trade unionists — broke the monopoly of the Communists in the leadership of French labor. They dared to oppose strike orders — and succeeded.

This outstanding victory, perhaps decisive for the fate of the old continent, was made possible by the material aid received from American labor. *L'Humanité* referred to "a million dollars" at the disposal of Irving Brown. Actually, financial assistance was considerably smaller. What was even more necessary than francs and sous was the call for courage and the encouragement of self-confidence in a segment of French labor, and in a group of French labor leaders who had been pushed around and treated with contempt for not obeying instructions from Maurice Thorez' Communist Party headquarters.

Today, the possibility of a Communist Government in France — unless installed by the Red Army — is felt to be unreal, even impossible. Here, too, American labor has contributed its share to the international atmosphere which has made this gain for us in France.

STILL ANOTHER EVENT of importance in this development was the Communist attempt, last January, to stop the flow of American arms to France. Several hundred cargoes of American munitions were on their way to Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports when the Communists, through the CGT, called for a general refusal to unload the ships. Leaflets were distributed calling for demonstrations at meetings and in the streets against what the

CGT called "arming against the Soviet Union," and even "arming of Germany," although the munitions were destined only for France.

Once again the stakes were high. Were the Communists able to achieve even a partial success, anti-Communist defense preparations in Europe would have been placed in jeopardy, and the effectiveness of the Atlantic Pact would have been put in question. To achieve such aims was, of course, the Communist hope. For more than two decades maritime unions, stevedores, longshoremen, dockers, had received the special attention of the Communist International.

Future revolutions had always been conceived by the Communists in terms of a combination of "popular uprisings" and international wars with military intervention on the part of the "capitalist powers." This blueprint had been derived from the history of Russia's civil war and foreign intervention, with the failure of the latter seen as partly due to sabotage and rebellion among French sailors and workers. Now preparations were made to capture those particular trade unions in all the important nations. The goal: to be able to stop at will all shipments of armies and arms destined to combat "revolution" anywhere in the world. Even in the United States, where the influence of Communism among the population has been comparatively small, Harry

Bridges and his union acquired a disproportionate importance.

In the Mediterranean ports, where French and Italian Communists are a sizable force, the situation was explosive. Communist influence, strong in general, was increased by the activities of a "secretariat" of maritime unions, with headquarters in Marseilles, whose slogan was "Dump the American guns in the Mediterranean!"

In this threatening situation, Brown and the French trade unionists were compelled to utilize tactics drawn from their adversary's arsenal. "Vigilance committees" were organized in the ports. They were furnished instructions to proceed quickly whenever and wherever acts of sabotage were perpetrated. Communist force was to be met by superior force. "For the first time," Brown told the press, "the agents of terror will have a taste of counter-terror."

Several weeks later, when American munitions began to arrive, first in Naples, then in Cherbourg, and later in other ports, nothing happened!

The Communists had withdrawn their forces from the battlefield. The situation had become unfavorable for any kind of political strike or sabotage. The vigilance committees have remained in existence, however, since new attempts may occur in the future. The Communist domination has been broken, and in the

Stevodore Committee of Marseilles, the Communists hold only ten seats. Last year they had 54.

NOT ONLY IN Europe has the AFL rapidly expanded its activities abroad in recent years. The Middle East has begun to receive special attention. In Egypt, Iran, Iraq, where Soviet labor agencies have penetrated, the free labor forces are weak. But efforts are being made to improve the situation. Trade unions in Turkey will receive aid from American labor. Schools for the training of trade union leaders are being opened in Ceylon, India and Indonesia. On the political level, the AFL has officially participated in the huge Berlin meetings of the Congress for Cultural Freedom — the newly formed anti-Communist movement of Western intellectuals.

Compared to the AFL, the CIO has not been active in the international field. After its break with the WFTU, the CIO groped about attempting to find a new course of its own — a non-Communist course differing from that of the AFL. A commission, under Victor Reuther, was sent to Europe early this year to investigate, and an office of the CIO is now functioning in Paris. The influence of this branch of American labor, however, is not strongly felt in Europe.

There is a certain difference in the approach of the two major American labor organizations to the political

problems of the Old World. Despite its evolution within recent years, the CIO is not as aggressive against Communism as is the AFL. Its spirit is defensive rather than offensive. It would prefer to rely everywhere on economic and social improvements as a method of combating Soviet influence. The AFL believes that social progress is a necessary method, especially in the long run. In the short run, however, there is no alternative to rearmament and, in general, to the most vigorous political counter-measures. As time goes on, the gap between

the two points of view seems to be closing, but slowly.

LABOR IN EUROPE has gone its own way, by affiliating with socialist and Communist parties. In England, the trade unions themselves have become a political party and gained power in the nation. In the United States, labor has developed much differently. There is no specific labor party or labor policy. In the field of international affairs, however, labor is attempting to pursue its own course, and its efforts to date have been impressive.



***In the
Mercury's
Opinion***

A Call for Revolt on the Campus

THIS IS AN open letter from the Editor of THE MERCURY to the young Americans who are now in college. It is a letter with a purpose: it is an invitation to thoughtful students to join me in a revolt against the Democratic Party. This party has betrayed the round-eyed faith of American youth, and if we are to hope again the young man of 1951 must first understand the nature of the betrayal, then he must find a new Cause worthy of his devotion. Perhaps I can best define the nature of the betrayal by reflecting on my own experience.

When I was at the University of Alabama in 1931 we talked a great deal about Communism and Socialism and about what was wrong with America. The Communists on our campus were led by a boy named Joe Gelders, who is dead now, and most of his supporters were boys from other cities. They thought that America was declining and that Russia was the bright new hope of

the world. They urged us fellows not to think of ourselves as individuals, but as members of a group, a class, a party, and they wanted us to re-make America in the image of Russia. They thought, somehow, that collectivism was dynamic, hopeful — a Cause for which young men could properly rebel and yearn and strive.

On every campus in the country this same old yeast was working. Particularly on the older campuses, like Harvard and Yale and Columbia. The smart professors were urging us to socialize the government in some variation of the Russian manner; and boys who thought they were smart — boys like Alger Hiss — they all directed their prayers toward Moscow and their energies toward an American collectivism.

Ironically, Franklin Roosevelt became the American instrument of this movement toward collectivism. Ironical, because Roosevelt was not an intellectual, he was not profound or even thoughtful, he claimed no political philosophy of his own. He had roundly denounced the League of Nations, and his case against Hoover was over-spending. Yet, on reflection, Roosevelt did have qualifications to lead a movement toward irresponsibility: he himself had never earned a living or even assumed the responsibility for his own family. A condition of his marriage was that his wife's estate should bear half the expense of the household — a

condition which should interest the psychiatrist who considers either Eleanor or Elliott.

This movement toward collectivism was, as today's youth knows, a young man's movement. It was born on campuses of the professor-student relationship — of the Frankfurter-Hiss relationship; and young men and women — first and second voters — were the ones who swelled Roosevelt's majorities. There are few voting Americans today under forty who didn't cast their first votes for Roosevelt; and in 1948 first and second voters were still voting heavily for Truman.

But what I hope today's youth can also come to know is the nature of the battle that has been waged *against* Roosevelt and the collectivists by many of us who cast our first votes for him. Many thoughtful young Americans, including myself, cast one or two votes for Roosevelt in the hope of achieving limited reforms; but we were not Socialists or Communists, we distrusted the Soviet regime, and as soon as the reforms were achieved we immediately began trying to re-impose the checks-and-balances without which our government cannot remain tolerable to free men.

Young collegians today can perhaps be excused if they are unaware that there has ever been any youthful opposition to either Roosevelt or Truman. So much has been written about the Young Liberals of the

Thirties that the young man of 1951 is apt to assume that the Liberals were the only young and dynamic group in the Thirties, and that these Young Liberals were opposed only by Rotary and the Union League.

On a recent radio broadcast, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and I were discussing the youth movement of the Thirties. "Quite naturally," she said, "young Americans were looking toward Russia and toward Socialism and Communism." She gave me the impression that, in her mind, *all* young Americans between 1930 and 1945 were inclined toward Socialism and Communism, and practically *all* regarded the Soviet Union with hope.

How diligently this lie has been cultivated! How much ink and energy have gone to spread the impression that every young man of ability in the Thirties turned his eyes hopefully toward Russia and yearned for an American collectivism! The writers seeking to sustain this impression have worked with the frenzy of homosexuals trying to prove that there is something artistic about their depravity. Or, as in the time of *Camille*, frail women supported the pretense that no woman could be attractive to men unless she had been touched by tuberculosis.

This is a fact which every young American in 1951 should understand: the *majority* of intelligent

young men in this country recognized the true nature of the Soviet regime as early as 1932, we never looked hopefully toward Moscow, and we in no way confused Communism with our hope for limited reforms under Roosevelt. And, similarly, there were thousands of able young Americans who voted for Roosevelt, and who supported limited reforms, but who did so with the purpose, not of relieving individual responsibility, but of enabling more persons to more effectively assume responsibility for their own lives and their families.

In short, in this country, there is and there has been for twenty years a company of progressive, conservative individualists. We are anti-totalitarian, and we have been all our lives. We are anti-Socialist and anti-Communist and anti-collectivist. We regard power as suspect and bureaucracy as evil. We believe that when free men neglect to police and change their governments, they soon lose the freedom to police and change. We are aware of the dilemmas of our time; we are willing to compromise and, in a few limited cases, to use government as a means to a desirable end. But our primary concern remains our traditional freedom, and we prefer to err on the side of the individual responsibility which freedom demands.

It is this company of progressive, conservative, individualists — not the collectivist Liberals — who to-

day have the valid claim on the enthusiasms of America's youth.

Why Youth Must Distrust Acheson

FROM THE RECORD, here is an illustration of the difference between the mind of a Liberal and the mind of a young Conservative. It shows the difference between the mind of a Hiss or an Acheson and my own 22-year-old mind.

In 1933 my first article was published in a national magazine. I had voted for Roosevelt; I was a supporter of the effort to unionize workers in the South; I was a supporter of the Tennessee Valley Authority; I had opposed the firing of Communists from the student faculty of my college; but my first national magazine article was *against* the recognition of the Soviet government. My article was in reply to an argument by Paul D. Cravath, a lawyer, a sort of John Foster Dulles of his day, who was one of the Wall Street leaders in the recognition movement. Mr. Cravath thought that "vast new markets on the steppes" would relieve the American depression.

The arguments in favor of Soviet recognition in 1933 were the same as those offered for the recognition of Red China today. The Liberals said that the Soviet government was good and hopeful and democratic; and the Wall Streeters added that it was, in fact, an established govern-

ment, and that recognition of it would be good business.

Here are excerpts from my answer:

The facts about the "legitimate" establishment of the Soviet rule are well-known. A scheming band of arch-spies, animated by self-interest and fanaticism, and supported by less than ten per cent of the people were able to enslave a potentially great nation. . . . The Soviets govern by holding the people in a state of fear and poverty. No man can distinguish between friend and spy; trial is a mockery; and the people are doomed to life in a prison. . . . To talk of Soviet recognition to end the American depression is ridiculous. The Soviets are in the business of causing world depressions; depression is a tactic in the war against us.

I closed with these words — and forgive the flamboyance — I was only twenty-two:

You may notice that I have not used the term "Russian recognition." I resent its use. There is a vast difference between Russian recognition and Soviet recognition. It is because we recognize Russia that we refuse to recognize the Soviets. The Soviets are not Russia. They are her enemies. American recognition of the Soviet government would be a blow to the millions of decent Russians who are trying to make good their revolution.

America should never recognize a Communist government. Americans should not so quickly forget those brave Russian soldiers who stood in their trenches, robbed of clothing,

- food, and ammunition by their spy-infested government, but who, when they heard of the German successes on the Western Front, scrambled over their fortifications and attacked with stones and bare fists. The sons of men who fought at Bunker Hill should never support a despotism which condemns men like these to slavery.

I have before me a State Department document, dated 1933, on *The Establishment of Diplomatic Relations with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*. It contains the correspondence between President Roosevelt and President Kalinin, and it tells about the "very friendly private luncheons" held in Washington in November 1933 for Litvinoff and his delegation. There is a letter from Roosevelt to Litvinoff which says: "As I have told you in our recent conversations, it is my expectation that after the establishment of normal relations between our two countries many Americans will wish to reside temporarily or permanently within the territory of the USSR."

And here is an interesting discovery. Among the most frequently named guests at those "very friendly private luncheons" was The Honorable Dean G. Acheson. He wasn't even in the State Department then; he was just a Washington Liberal; he wasn't buzzing around the Russians, passing tea and cookies to Litvinoff, because it was an official duty; he was there out of devotion; recog-

nition, to Acheson, was a wonderful and hopeful thing. Acheson was one of the midwives of Soviet recognition; he drank toasts and celebrated when it was accomplished.

Acheson and Drew Pearson are now tying little messages to balloons in the hope of reaching the Russian people. He says he now knows the difference between Russian recognition and Soviet recognition. But why didn't he share my concern for the Russian people in 1933?

On August 13, 1951, Acheson sent a message to the World Assembly of Youth at Ithaca, N. Y. He said: "It is tragic that many people have followed the road to regimentation, thinking it offered a short cut to progress. But by now it should be clear to all" — *even to Acheson, I presume* — "that the path of regimentation can lead only backward — to tyranny, to servitude, to the degradation of man."

That about sums up the difference between the Editor of THE MERCURY and the Secretary of State: between intelligent Conservatism and Hiss-Acheson Liberalism. When I was twenty-two years old I understood the nature of the Soviet government; Acheson didn't. I was a friend of the Russian people; Acheson wasn't. I cherished our traditional freedom and individual responsibility; Acheson was infected with Socialism, at best. I supported Roosevelt in the hope of spreading opportunity for young Americans;

Acheson supported Roosevelt in the hope of seducing young men with a spurious "security" and delivering them to a chain gang.

Acheson typifies the Liberals who have betrayed American youth.

Once you understand the exultation of Acheson and his Liberals over the recognition of the Soviet government, then you can anticipate their foreign and domestic idiocies which followed.

For the same reasons that I had been opposed to Russian recognition, I was for war against Hitler as early as 1938. The Liberals opposed the war against Hitler until he attacked Russia. I took pride in the stand at Stalingrad, but not for the same reasons that Acheson did. By 1943 I took the ultimate defeat of Hitler for granted, and my principal concern was the elimination of totalitarianism from Eurasia. I wanted Stalin's government to be a casualty along with Hitler's. But while I was busy helping to fight the war, Acheson and Hiss were persuading an aging Roosevelt to deliver Eurasia to Stalin. And when a Red government emerged in China, Acheson and his State Department Liberals rushed out to embrace it with the same emotion as they had rushed to embrace Litvinoff in 1933.

The young American of 1951 must know this: Nothing inevitable happened during the Second War. Our nation had a glorious opportunity. We could have brought a

new measure of freedom to the world. We could have struck totalitarianism a mortal blow. Instead, the power of Communism was enhanced by Acheson and his Liberals — the same men who had been aiding Sovietism since 1933.

In domestic affairs the influence of Acheson and his Liberals has been no less disastrous for youth. Because they are collectivists they have imagined that the first purpose of the government of the United States is to repair drains or raise pensions. They have been too much concerned with security and too little with opportunity. They have busied themselves over what the young American is to *have* instead of over what he is to *be*. They have proceeded on the assumption that the purpose of living is to live easily, with responsibility, and with discipline imposed, not by the integrated personality, but from Washington.

What happens to America after 1952 largely depends on the thought processes of our youth. If our young men now prefer security to opportunity; if they no longer dare to regard life as a charge but rather as an adventure simply to be enjoyed; if they prefer to scrap the stern creed of personal responsibility and relax in the upholstered ant-hill of the collectivists; then whether the inevitable totalitarianism is imposed by Russians or Americans becomes a problem for the academicians.

Hope lies only in revolt.

*They
came
hundreds
of miles,
in
wagons,
buckboards
and buggies*

WHEN

MY

TOWN

HOLY-ROLLED

*HARRY
BOTSFORD*

CITY DWELLERS WHO speak slightly of the drabness and monotony of small town life, have never lived in a small town where an annual camp meeting was held. When I was younger, the annual camp meeting time was in August; it was a gala occasion, one that combined the best and most exciting virtues of a circus, the medicine show, the Odd Fellows' Annual Picnic, the Fourth of July, and a Republican

political rally. It was an event of major social, economic and spiritual importance, a ten-day interval crammed with color and drama.

The camp meeting grounds, on the outskirts of town, were located in a large grove and dominated by a centrally located wooden tabernacle, open from the ground to the roof, capable of seating 2000 people. During the session, the hundred yard radius from the tabernacle was en-

riched by tents, rented at \$2.50 from the camp meeting association, for the interval. Into some of these tents were crowded as many as a dozen people, for the members of the Free Methodist church in those days were prolific. Effete members of the sect could have, at a slight extra cost, a board floor in their tents, but this was considered a luxury and something to be avoided by a people who traditionally had no truck with sinful self-indulgence.

It was not uncommon to see a circle of 300 tents, and the sight was very impressive. The tent dwellers often came hundreds of miles, arriving in wagons, buckboards and buggies filled with bedding and food. Mostly, they were farm folk, possessed of robust appetites, and their food supplies were substantial. The migration would start several days before the formal opening, and the idle of the town, including youngsters, would gather at some strategic corner to watch the arrivals and to speculate about them.

With few exceptions, local merchants looked upon the transients with rather a jaundiced eye. Most of them brought their own food with them. If they were forced to buy extras, they bargained shrewdly and bought in meager quantities. In spite of the fact that camp meetings multiplied the number of residents of the village as much as twenty-fold, the financial gains were small.

The religion practiced by the Free

Methodists three or four decades ago was a theology that was grim, evangelical, forthright and loudly vocal. There was no nonsense about it. They had very definite ideas as to the nature of sin. The wearing of a necktie, the use of a gold collar button — these were considered as being primary sins. The women dressed soberly and with uncharming simplicity. Alcoholic drink was a primary sin. Personal adornment was likewise ungodly and to be avoided. The members of the Roman Catholic faith, the Presbyterians, the United Brethren, the Unitarians were all doomed to everlasting torments in a hell that the evangelists depicted so realistically that it scared the pants off any youngster who would listen. The Christ they worshipped was austere and sad. Laughter was not one of the gifts of the sect, for it was a sign of frivolity, the outward token of spiritual shallowness.

The meetings started with a sunrise prayer, swung into a series of group meetings during the day and culminated with an evangelistic service in the evening that might not conclude until well after midnight, depending on the number of sinners who "came forward." Meetings of all kinds were punctuated with volleys of *Amens* and frequent *Praise-the-Lords*, and not a few of them were marked by hysteria and curious manifestations that appealed strongly and morbidly to the youngsters and visitors.

The town youngsters always managed to stand in the front row for the daily sun-down "Ring Meeting" service. This meeting usually began in the large tents close to the tabernacle where the working evangelists and their families lived. A mass parade started around the perimeter of the tent circle. There would be singing, good spirited singing of lively hymns, such as "We're Marching to Zion" and the marchers proudly picked up their feet and walked smartly to the measured cadence. Interspersed with the singing would be the usual cries of Amen! and Hallelujah! This was a testimonial meeting, in which the annointed commented favorably on what the Lord had done for them, and past sins were spoken of frankly and almost nostalgically. The ex-sinners were largely without inhibitions; they confessed candidly and in detail such a multitude of sins that since that time I have found the modern confession magazine tame and lacking in savor. They left but little to the imagination, and the lurid and hysterical narratives were spurred on by a chorus of Amens from the faithful.

Not all of them related their sins and told about the background of their salvation in the dusk of that little clearing. There was one man, a regular attendant, who acted out his sin. He was a gaunt little man, with haunted eyes. People would travel miles to see him perform. He had

been deeply steeped in basic sin, having been a dancing teacher before he was a brand plucked from the burning. He would timidly enter the inner circle of the ring, stand quietly, raise his head and gaze transfixed at the first stars. Then a slow smile would transfigure his face and he would dance. He was the acme of grace, a solo performer who could schottische, waltz and two-step. He could also jig. As he danced, the singing would swell in rhythm, in a tempo appropriate to the dance being performed. Pious feet tapped and wide smiles split the circle of stern faces. Once the man exhausted his repertoire, he meekly stepped back into place, his face exalted, his eyes calm.

THERE WERE SEVERAL acts in the daily "Ring Meeting." A woman, solidly built, short, with a placid face and vacant stare, inevitably walked to the center of the ring and stood there immobile while others testified and sang and uttered jubilant hallelujahs. She would fall forward on her face in a dead faint or a deep trance. No one rushed forward to help her. The Power was on her . . . She would lie motionless for half an hour after the services were concluded. Then she would stir, climb nimbly to her feet and waddle expectantly toward the tabernacle services. Her face would be unmarked by the fall.

Perhaps the most spectacular per-

former was a tall farmer named Jefferson T. Gean, a man who might have served as a faithful model for Andy Gump. Locally, his reputation for intelligence wasn't great. My father, a man of calm judgment, claimed that Jeff Gean had no more sense than Thompson's colt, the one that swum the river to git a drink. The Geans were a large family; every year they came to camp meeting with an infant in arms. Jeff dressed formally for the occasion. He wore an ancient "swallow-tail" coat that had once been a sober and decent black, but which, with the passage of time, had turned green. His high celluloid collar gleamed with a pristine whiteness. His jeans came to the tops of dusty button shoes. His neck was long, and his ragged moustache had a pathetic droop to it. But the derby, perched jauntily on his head, was always a shining black, providing him with a rakish appearance.

He stood with his wife and assorted progeny on the inner side of the circle. The current baby was cradled gently in his arms. His face lit up and his Adam's apple danced as the tempo of the meeting and singing increased.

According to camp meeting tradition, his act usually followed that of the dancing teacher. His performance was graceless, but spectacular. At the proper moment, Jeff Gean would tuck the baby under an arm and prance into the ring, bleating like an amorous goat at rutting time.

He trotted sedately around the ring, urged on by rousing Amens and ringing hallelujahs, his pace steadily increasing. At the finale he was in high gear, coat tails flying, feet lifted high, the bleating increasing in volume. There was never a sound from the baby. It either enjoyed the trip or it was frightened into silence. Mrs. Gean would beam proudly as she observed her husband's performance. Jeff would conclude by skidding deftly into place to the closing bars of "We're Marching to Zion."

There were no dull moments at the daily "Ring Meeting," and it served to whet the appetite of the spectator for the evening meeting and additional thrills.

THE YOUNGSTERS usually clustered on the back benches of the dimly lighted and crowded tabernacle. We were quiet and well behaved. Otherwise, one of the brethren would grab us roughly and hustle us off of the sacred premises. Our parents would be informed.

The sermons of the evangelists usually alarmed us. As we listened to the impassioned appeals, we knew we were deeply rooted in sin. As the evangelists slid into high gear, we virtually smelled brimstone, and we almost felt the pain of surging and eternal flames. As a result, we avoided most of the preaching, reappearing for the finale.

When we returned to the tabernacle, the harvest of lost souls would

be in progress. On the large platform would be half a dozen evangelists pleading and beseeching the sinner to "come forward" to be prayed over, to repent, to be saved. I have heard many speakers in my life, and some of them have been very famous, but these men, it seems in retrospect, had an urgency, a compelling quality in their voices that was very special and persuasive.

The sight and sound of it all was something one didn't forget. Here and there would be special, semi-isolated groups singing; their voices would swell triumphantly, then drop to a sobbing wail of hopelessness. "Almost Persuaded" was a favorite and appropriate hymn for this late and dramatic hour. There would be shouts of prayers, drawn-out screams, voices that blended and pleaded for deliverance from sin. At the base of the platform, kneeling in the straw would be dozens of repentant sinners, their faces twisted in some private spiritual agony, tears streaming down their cheeks. Their arms waved, their voices were high and hysterical. Kneeling beside them would be evangelists, helping them through this emotional crisis. There was a bedlam of sound, moving shadows danced erratically in the flickering gas lights. The special pleaders moved up and down the aisles, exhorting people to come up and be saved. Sin was put on a personal basis, and I always speculated about the callousness of the adults who re-

jected the invitations. I was frightened that one of the pleaders would appeal directly to me. I would be unable to refuse. I visualized myself being led down the aisle to the core of the tumult, rudely introduced to God as a primary sinner seeking salvation. My United Brethren parents would greet with extreme displeasure the news that their son had been "saved" by Free Methodists. I would have to abandon my friends, worldly and wicked youngsters. Therefore, when the pleaders came close, we would beat a dignified retreat into the anonymity of the darkness.

With the passage of hours, the shouting at the altar became still more fervent. "Praying through" a sinner was often a sustained and tedious task, but it was one the experienced evangelists and their helpers approached with vigor and determination. It was their boast that no repentant sinner ever escaped without experiencing salvation.

One of the most impressive of the evangelists was "Preacher" Gobey. He looked something like Svengali; his eyes were large and hypnotic, his voice a deep and compelling baritone. When he wasn't saving souls, he was a lumberman, and not adverse to making a sharp deal. One midnight, a pleader convinced a woman of the village to "go forward," to confess her sins, to become one of the saved. The woman's husband, an unrepentant sinner and a

suspicious man, followed to see what happened. "Preacher" Gobey gave the woman his personal attention; he comforted her, uttered loud and pious prayers for her salvation. The husband saw a smile break over his wife's face, heard the shouts of the others kneeling in the straw as they hailed her evident salvation. The husband peered through the dark intently. What he saw did not please him. Gobey's hand was stealthily sliding up under his wife's dress, and his voice was low and fervent as he talked to her. The husband strode forward, grabbed "Preacher" Gobey by the scruff of the neck. "What in hell do you think you're doing?" he questioned sternly. Gobey was a quick thinker. This was not the first emergency he had faced. His bearded face split into a wide grin. "Just testing her faith, brother, just testing her faith!" he replied smoothly. The man yanked his wife to her feet, marched her home. And, I am told, they lived happily and unrepentant thereafter.

THE TEN DAYS of camp meeting passed all too quickly for us. Sunday's attendance swelled into the thousands, and hundreds of horse-drawn vehicles raised clouds of dust as they arrived and left. It was a holiday time for country folks, many of whom were not so much interested in religion as they were in meeting old friends. Sundays were characterized by a series of reunions,

renewals of old friendships, by picnics held in the woods, by spreads of gargantuan proportions. An audit of the fried chicken, potato salad and beet pickles consumed would have made for most interesting statistics.

Souls were harvested by the gross. It was not until camp meeting time that we realized the extent to which sin had gripped us. Basically, ours was a decent, law-abiding sector where wickedness was the exception. Adultery and wife-beating either didn't exist or were carefully concealed. Local merchants displayed a special interest in the identity of those who professed to have been converted from evil ways. Many of these citizens were habitual and chronic debtors. Now was the time to approach them about liquidating their obligations. Sometimes the tactic worked. But Harry Mapes, the hardware store owner, once found that it didn't. Saved from sin had been a notorious local deadbeat, a man who virtually made a successful career out of being a debtor. Mapes returned glumly from visiting this man at his home. "Know what that rascal said?" he asked his bookkeeper. "He said that when he put away sin, he put away all of the sordid things of his sinful past, including debts. God had forgiven him his debts and he can't see why I can't be just as reasonable."

Camp meeting ended on a Sunday night. With real regret, but somewhat fatigued, we watched the peo-

ple pack and rumble away in their conveyances, their faces grimly placid, their heads held high. Only a few sang as they left. The stirring vigor of "We're Marching to Zion", the soft appeal of "Almost Persuaded", seemed to be absent in their going-away songs. Trails of dust in the sky marked every road as they left, a people who had been engaged in a saturnalia of sustained soul-saving, but who now were returning to a wicked workaday world. When you live in a tent intimately with religion and salvation as a twenty-four hour project, a saturation point is inevitably reached. Ten days of constant spiritual emotion exhausted the believers.

LAST YEAR I revisited the old camp meeting grounds. Tents have been supplanted by little wooden cottages; there are electric lights and sewage systems. And there is a long barracks of a camp kitchen and community dining room. Camp meeting in the modern style has lost much of

its glamor and mystery. The salvation of souls, I was assured, still continues at a good pace. Yet the Free Methodist church does not have a large membership. Backsliding into the pits of sin and sordid wickedness remains at a rate comparable to that of three decades ago.

I remember the Birling brothers who lived alone on an old farm over Tionesta way. They attended camp meeting every year, dressed in their best. On the second Sunday night they always marched forward in a body and, after much travail, emerged saved and very happy. Invariably, on the way home, Bill, Amos and Floyd would fall to arguing as to the extent of their individual sins in the past. The argument would be brisk and heated, and presently the brothers would wham hell out of one another. Then they would go home and live serenely and in complete harmony until the next camp meeting.

Sin, the evangelists used to say, is a pretty tough thing to down.

A STORY

the

DEVIL

and

TELEVISION

JESSE STUART

EVERYONE WONDERED what would happen as Mom, Pa, brother Tim and I walked into church. Because Pa was on trial. All eyes were turned toward us. We couldn't sit too far away from the other members of the congregation because our church building was a house. Our Church of the Old Faith was in the largest house in Blakesburg. When the house had been put on skids and moved out of the way

for a new street, the elders in our church saw a bargain and bought it for a church because there was plenty of room upstairs for our Moderator Egbert Chanute and his nine children. There was enough space downstairs, by removing the partition, to have one big room for worship.

The house had fourteen spires. Two old people had once lived in its twenty-seven rooms with twenty-

seven cats. Some said the house was haunted and the spirit of a witch was in each cat. They were afraid to go near this house. But when Moderator Chanute, who was holding services in the homes of the members of our church, heard the house was for sale, he said if there were evil spirits in the house, he had what it would take to make them leave.

Now because our church had a lot of strict rules, my father was on trial. That was the reason all eyes were turned toward us. Even moderator Chanute, a big man with bushy eyebrows and deep socketed black eyes that shone like balls of fire, watched us as Pa found seats as far away from the pulpit as he could. Pa hadn't done as bad things as some members had done. Pa hadn't attended a circus. He hadn't gone to a movie. He hadn't seen a horse race. He hadn't smoked or chewed the fragrant weed and drank the violent water. Pa hadn't even read the funny papers. He had tried to go straight according to the doctrine of our church, the policies our Moderator had laid down to his members. Pa would have gone straight if it hadn't been for one thing.

Percy Cadden, a short, fat red-headed man, who smoked big cigars, had brought television to Blakesburg. He had built a store and he installed the sets. He put them in people's homes just for trial. If the family liked television, then the

set remained. And I have my first time ever to know of a television set being taken out of any home where Percy installed it. That's where Pa had made the mistake. Nobody in our house liked television more than Pa. He would laugh, slap his knees with his big hands and twist in his chair, holler and laugh more than Mom, brother Tim or I as he watched a baseball game, wrestling match, girls dancing or singing or any program that came on. I never saw anybody enjoy anything more than Pa enjoyed his television. He couldn't wait to finish his work at the store and check his cash register to get home to his television.

"This is a serious moment in our lives," Moderator Chanute announced after we were all seated. "When we pray, I want every praying member to pray aloud for a lost and backsliding soul in our congregation."

Then he lifted his big hands and I never heard such prayer as our Moderator prayed. I couldn't follow the words for there were too many others praying too. This was one of the times when Pa didn't pray. Everybody was standing and Pa stood there and listened and he looked down at the church floor. Pa had joined in prayer once when a member had backslidden when he went to Cincinnati to see the Cincinnati Reds play the Brooklyn Dodgers. Old Bill Hinson was an

old time baseball player and he loved baseball. That was before television. And on that day Old Bill Hinson was "churched". But he repented of his sin and came back to us after many evenings of special prayer. Caleb Atkinson was "churched" for going to a circus in Dartmouth, Ohio. After his backsliding, and Pa had helped pray for him, he didn't get back into our church for he went to another circus in Auckland, Kentucky. Caleb had always loved the circus. When he was a boy he poured two gallons of moonshine in a tub of water the trainer gave the elephant and the elephant got drunk, grabbed Clinton Wigginton, our druggist, and threw him over a small tent but didn't break a bone in his body. The elephant went down the street breaking windows in the stores of Blakesburg and Caleb left town while the street carnival people pulled up the stakes, folded their tents and left Blakesburg. Caleb Atkinson was the only backslider that had never come back.

Gladys Griffie, Anna Burton, and Murtie Garthee, three young women in our church, were "churched" for seeing a movie and Pa had helped pray for them. I'll never forget how Pa had prayed that time for I stood right beside him. I thought of all this because I couldn't hear the words of the prayer they were praying for Pa, who had backslidden for his first time. I could hear "Worldly things"

shouted above the other words now and then for everybody was praying his own prayer and my father just stood there and trembled as he looked down at the floor. His time had come and he knew it. We knew the sermon to follow would be about television. For when one had backslidden, after the prayer, Moderator Egbert Chanute preached a sermon on the cause.

There had been more than thirty out of a membership of sixty who had been "churched" for partaking of worldly things. Half the members had been "churched" at one time or another and all had gone back, had been reinstated by prayers of our Moderator and the faithful members of our congregation, who prayed with the sinner, in the church or at his home until he did repent. While the great prayer of many mixed voices went on, Pa stood there and trembled. But Mom didn't tremble. She didn't belong to this church that was Pa's choice. She belonged to another church in Blakesburg that let the members of its congregation go to baseball games, football games, wrestling matches, movies, circuses, street carnivals. Mom's church let its members enjoy television, checkers, rummy, dominoes, authors, and other things that members of Pa's church considered "worldly things". It seemed odd to me, after going to Pa's church, to see members of Mom's church go on the street

smoking big cigars, pipes, cigarettes, even some of the women smoked and went without stockings to cover their legs and sleeves of their dresses to cover their elbows. No woman did this in Pa's church. So when Mom went to Pa's church with us, she always wore a dress almost to her ankles and sleeves that came to her wrists. Mom did this to please Pa.

WHEN I LOOKED up at my father's face, I noticed the sweat drops didn't come together and trickle down in little streams but they just stuck there as if they were glued. Pa was going through something terrible as the prayer got louder and more furious. When Mom looked at him, her face was very sad. She hated to see Pa go through all this among the members of his church.

The deafening shouts of prayer went up to the low ceiling and out the raised windows to the people passing on the street or riding down the highway. Only a week ago Pa had been addressed as Brother Thomas Bowling, now he was only Thomas Bowling.

Then I started thinking about when television first came to Blakesburg. Pa had first seen it in Wigginton's Drug Store when he stopped there one night to buy icecream for us. Pa just stood there, and marveled at this new-fangled creation. When a beautiful young woman sang, she was in short sleeves too, Pa stood

there with his mouth open and never batted his eyes as he looked and listened. And after her singing, two men, wearing black suits with big legged pants, danced. The way they could keep time to the music caused Pa to tap his feet. After this, a magician came on and did a lot of tricks and Pa tried to guess what was going to happen with Brother Tim and me and he never guessed the magic at all. He'd laugh as I never heard him laugh before. We ate more icecream as we watched this program. Three times we ordered icecream. And the last thing on the program was a beautiful girl playing the piano, and four young beautiful women singing. It was a song we'd never heard but it was called a hit by the tall skinny man that announced the program and the song nearly melted Pa. When the program was over, we left the drugstore. And Pa was in a big way. All the way down the street home, he talked about the singing, the magic, the dancing on the television program and Pa wondered about this newfangled thing he had heard about but had never seen before.

When Percy Cadden came to our house one evening, he was very slow about telling Pa what he wanted because he knew Pa was a deacon in his church and his church didn't go for worldly things. But Brother Tim and I knew why Percy had come and Mom knew why and we

just stood there all excited looking at each other and wondering what would happen. We didn't have long to wait.

"Percy, I know what you want," Pa said with a big smile. "You want me to try television, don't you?"

"That's it," Percy said softly, looking down when he spoke to Pa.

Now Percy never traded at Pa's store because Pa refused to sell the fragrant weed in any form, to smoke or to chew. And we had the biggest store in Blakesburg and Pa was Blakesburg's most successful merchant.

"Well, Percy," Pa said, "install a set here and let us try it out."

This was the mistake. For the next day Percy installed the television set. That evening we didn't have to go to Wiggington's Drug Store like a lot of Blakesburg people. We sat in our home and watched and listened. Pa carried on more than ever. There were not a lot of curious eyes looking on at Deacon Bowling as he clapped his hands and shouted at a wrestling match between two gorilla-like men. When one hit the mat Pa shouted as if he were wrestling. When the young beautiful women in long dresses with short sleeves came on and danced and sang the new songs, Pa enjoyed himself most and he got up close so he would not miss a thing. We saw baseball games, horse races, wrestling matches, dancing, heard music and songs, and, honest,

our home was a new place. We couldn't wait to get home from school and Pa and Mom couldn't wait to get back from the store.

"Your father is hungry for these things," Mom said to me in the kitchen one evening when she washed the dishes and I dried them. "We used to go to movies," Mom smiled and her face brightened, "a long time ago. Your father loved movies. He loved baseball, football and wrestling and he liked to watch the horses run at Coney Island. Oh," Mom laughed, "we used to have such good times. It's all coming back to Thomas now. It's coming back right in our house. Television brings back memories to us." And then she added, "I don't know what Moderator Egbert Chanute will say. I can pretty well guess. Television is a worldly thing."

Before Percy Cadden came back to see if Pa was going to keep the television set, people in our church had started talking. Not the people of the other churches but the members of our church. The women whispered about Pa's television over the backyard fences. The men talked about it where they worked together or where they met on the streets. They said Pa had gone "worldly" and Moderator Chanute would "church" him. But before Moderator Chanute got word what Pa had done, Percy Cadden had come back to see what Pa thought of television. It didn't take my

father long to tell him. He'd never asked what the price of the set, the best Percy had, would be when Percy had installed it. He asked Percy and when Percy told him the price Pa didn't say a word but got up and left the room. In a few minutes he was back with the money and he paid Percy right there. That was Pa's way of telling Percy what he thought of television. Soon as Moderator Chanute heard Pa had a television set in our home, he came in person and told Pa he was "churched".

NOW THE LONG prayer had ended, and there were many "amens" coming from the congregation. Men and women pulled handkerchiefs and bandannas from their pockets and purses and wiped perspiration from their flushed faces. Pa pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the beads of sticky sweat too. Then everybody sat down and there was silence. Everybody, especially Pa, must have felt what was coming and anxiously waited for our Moderator to announce the text of his sermon. Then, Moderator Chanute, who towered high above his pulpit, laid his hands on his Bible and said: "I will preach this morning on *The Devil Has Many Faces*."

"Amens" went up as men and women still wiped their sweaty faces after the long, loud and exciting prayer. "The devil is in so many places these days. He walks among

the men that wear the checkered suits, the loud neckties with diamond stickpins, men with the big cigars in their mouths at the race tracks. He is at Coney Island. He is at Churchill Downs. He is at the Hilldale Theatre in Blakesburg every afternoon and night in the week and especially on Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. He is at weekly baseball games but he is there with a selected group of his angels from hell. He gives them a break to let them see their future brothers and sisters who will soon join them. The devil is at the Sunday bathing parties along Big River. And never did a woman walk down a Blakesburg street in a pair of shorts that the devil, though unseen in form, is walking beside her and urging her on. Because the devil is of the flesh and he loves to look on the bare legs of women, and low-neck dresses are his special delight. And he loves the short sleeves too . . ."

And it quickly flashed through my mind, about the meeting we once held at our church, when men and women came from the hills and hollows and the little towns along Big River and drove in all sorts of good cars and old cars and by horseback, muleback, buggies and on foot, how Sherd Hylton looked them over when he was standing beside a filling station just across from our church and said: "They look like people from another world. I can remember when women dressed like

that. That was more than fifty years ago. It's like turning back the clock."

Sherd Hylton didn't know that I went to church there and was on my way to the meeting then. But what he said had made me think. I'd never noticed it much, but then I compared the way my mother dressed to these women and I thought he was right. The women were dressed in long black dresses that swept the street behind them. The sleeves came down to their wrists too. And the men were dressed in dark suits and there was not a rose in a coat lapel. My father and mother dressed differently. The dresses Mom wore were no match in length for the dresses of the women who had come to this meeting. My mother had not turned back the clock to another day and another time. And she never would. And my father hadn't exactly turned back the clock for he wore a nice dark suit and a collar and tie.

"The devil loves company and he is always with the crowd at these places of amusement. If he was there walking among these people they would run and scream. And God's Houses would be full and running over with people. But that's not the way the devil does things. He is a devil with many faces, visiting many places. And now the devil has the slickest way he has ever had before of getting into the homes, homes of good people, religious

people. He comes in this newfangled thing called television. I believe that's what it's called. I've never seen it. But these places of amusement, these singers and dancers and baseball players and wrestlers and women in shorts and low-necked dresses and sleeves above the elbows are brought right inside the homes for the family to see. Brothers and Sisters, the devil has pulled a fast one."

Moderator Egbert Chanute had to stop for the "amens" going up from all over the church while Pa just sat there like a man on trial for his life. He looked at his feet and Mom looked at him. Mom hugged closer to him and I leaned over against him because I loved my father. I knew Pa had once been a man of the world. Now that I had grown up and was in my first year of Blakesburg High School I'd heard the things my father had done. Nothing really bad but he had drunk the violent water and smoked big cigars and things like that. He had danced many a night all night with Mom before and after they were married. And I knew the one thing that had caused him to join this church. I never told my father that I knew.

Pa had bought a new automobile and he had tasted of the violent water and let the car get out of control. And it hit a woman who was walking beside the highway. She was coming from church. Not

our church but the same denomination Pa belonged to now. It was beside this woman, whom Pa had knocked unconscious with his new car, that her brother and five sisters, also coming from church, gathered. They looked Pa over and saw that he had had too much of the devil's temptation. They didn't have Pa arrested. They took him from the car, formed a circle around him and prayed for him until morning. And it was on this night Pa joined their church and became a saved man.

He prayed for Bertha Jenkins, the woman he had hit, mother of five children, while she hovered between life and death at the hospital. When she got better, Pa said his prayers had been answered. Then Pa became the biggest contributor in the church of the same denomination in Blakesburg. Pa's reckless driving while intoxicated was dismissed because it was the work of the devil and he was never indicted and brought before court. He was never sued either though Pa had his car insured. Pa said this was the real thing and from this time on until television, he was a devout member of his church and loyal in every respect.

"Yes, the devil has many faces," Moderator Chanute shouted as Pa sat there on trial. "When he can get into the home of a Deacon in the Church of the Old Faith, he has to be plenty slick."

Pa moved his feet on the floor. Once he coughed and swallowed.

Mom looked at him quickly then turned her eyes away. Mom had her hand in his hand and I leaned over closer to Pa. I was on his side and I was on the side of television, this wonderful magical thing that had brought the entertainment of the world into our room at night. And I thought about the way we had enjoyed it and how Pa had laughed more than any of us as we sat here in a huddle while Pa was on trial. How will it all come out, I wondered.

I knew one thing was in Pa's favor. He gave as much money to our church as all the other members of our congregation put together. But our Moderator wasn't thinking about what Pa had done for the church, how he helped pay for the building, had it remodeled himself and bought the seats and song books and had paid most of Moderator Egbert's salary. Pa was the biggest of the ten merchants in Blakesburg before he joined the church and now he was doing nearly as much business as the other nine merchants combined.

"I tell you the devil has many faces," shouted Moderator Chanute. "Yes, when he can fool a member of this church and move in and sit with God's people and laugh to himself and chuckle them under the chin while they laugh at the things the devil is feeding them over the airwaves at night, it's time something has to be done . . ."

THE DROPS OF sweat stood on Pa's face again. They were bigger drops of sweat and they were closer together. They looked like little bright hay stacks on a dark gray autumn piece of land. That's what I thought as I looked at Pa's face. And as Moderator Chanute preached, more and louder "amens" went up from all over the house and everything seemed to get warmer suddenly as the members of Pa's church were fighting the work of the devil. While Moderator Chanute preached louder and white dry cotton spittle began to fly from his mouth and after each sentence he went "ah-ah", I wondered if Pa would fall to his knees and begin to shake and ask forgiveness as the other backsliders had done. I wondered what the verdict of this trial would be. For the time would soon come when our Moderator would call Pa's name and ask him what he had to say for himself. Then he would announce Pa was "churched" — that is, if Pa didn't fall to his knees pretty soon and start praying as many of the others had done . . . all but Old Caleb Atkinson. And I thought of Old Caleb, as Moderator Chanute shouted and rage on.

"When the Lord is in this house and the guilty is not touched to fall to his knees, to pray for his evenings of pleasure in the presence of old Beelzebub," Moderator Chanute shouted, "I think old Beelzebub is in your presence and he has his

hand upon the shoulder of our Deacon and he is whispering something very soft and sweet in his ear, something such as he has sent over the airwaves of night and it's time . . ."

Before he finished that sentence, Pa made a start for the aisle. I wondered if he was going to the altar. All eyes were turned on Pa. Our Moderator must have thought Pa was coming to the altar and members of the congregation started shouting "amen" and "glory" as Pa entered the big aisle in the middle of the church and Mom's eyes, my eyes and brother Tim's were following Pa. When he reached the aisle he turned toward the door and everybody got real quiet and Moderator Chanute stopped preaching and watched Pa as he went out the door with his hat in his hand. Then, Mom, brother Tim and I followed and the people looked at us with tear-stained eyes and solemn faces as we walked out into the bright summer air where Pa was waiting for us.

"Come, let's go to your church for a change," Pa said to Mom. "I'm not movin' my television set out of our home. And I'm still goin' on to church. We won't be late for the sermon."

"Or, we can go home, Thomas," Mom said. "We've been gettin' some good church services over television."

"Who would ever have thought a

member of my family would rather look at a newfangled invention than go to Sunday church?" my father said. He was shocked. He stood there looking at Mom.

Then, Mom smiled, and said: "Let's go to church."

My father and mother, arm in arm, walked down the street. My brother and I followed. We hadn't gone but a little way until Pa turned around and said to us: "Remember, you're never goin' to let the devil pull a fast one on you."

Our Writers in This Issue

DAVID J. DALLIN is one of the world's foremost authorities on Soviet history, politics and allied subjects. He is the author of *The Real Soviet Russia*, *The Big Three*, *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy*, *The Rise of Russia in Asia* and other works. He co-authored (with Boris I. Nicolaevsky) a monumental, pioneer study of *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia*. His most recent book — published by Yale University Press, as are all his books — is *The New Soviet Empire* . . . HARRY BOTSFORD is a well-known writer for national magazines. His articles appear frequently in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Esquire* and similar publications . . . JESSE STUART, famed poet and short story writer, is the author of *Taps for Private Tussie*, *Foretaste of Glory*, and other books . . . EUGENE TILLINGER is a European journalist who has written for many American magazines since coming to this country, among them *This Week*, *The New Leader* and *The Freeman* . . . HERBERT ASBURY is a former member of the editorial staffs of the *New York Herald Tribune*, *New York Sun* and *Colliers*. He has written many books, including *The Barbary Coast* and *Up From Methodism* . . . HENRY L. MENCKEN is an American phenomenon . . . IGNAZ ROTHENBERG is, among other accomplishments, the author of *The Newspaper*, an authoritative work . . . His collaborator, MILDRED K. STEFFENS, is a free lance newspaper woman and journalist . . . ROBERT CANTWELL, well-known cultural critic, is Literary Editor of *Newsweek* magazine. He recently edited *The Humorous Side of Erskine Caldwell*, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce . . . OTIS DURANT DUNCAN is a member of the sociology department of Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College; his writings to date have been mainly of an academic nature, although he did write for some years a weekly column for a small town paper . . . A biographical note on W. R. CHU appears on page 94.

In Our Opinion

For years I have been a reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Its changing style and editors never interested me much until you came along. I literally love your writing. I appreciate the guts, frankness, facts, truths and information in general which you are bringing to me in THE MERCURY.

HARRY LONG
HORSE CAVE, KENTUCKY

A belated note of appreciation . . . to Mr. Ralph de Toledano for his article in your July issue; but I wish also to thank you for commissioning or publishing it, or both.

MARGARET TABOR
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I read THE MERCURY because I want to read facts — whether good or bad. The articles in THE MERCURY are often startling . . . [but] I believe they are the true, unbiased statements.

CARL E. BRANDENBURG
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

I think "Homosexuality in American Culture" (in the August MERCURY) oversimplifies the matter. Individual cults come and go, different fashions in sex and prudery, but the cult remains, and it is the cult, the fashion in writing that is detrimental to literature. The big writers are usually the most independent ones.

MARGERY MANSFIELD
NEW YORK CITY

. . . I'm sorry to read in the August issue, Page 124, column two, and starting "THE MERCURY is not written [for a mass audience]". That seems to me too bad. It is too bad more of the People do not read it. It is too bad it is not read as widely as the *Reader's Digest*. I wish it were . . .

LOUIS K. TIMOLAT
RED BANK, N. J.

In Our Readers' Opinion

There may be "Sin In the White Mts.," but, boy, we're playing it safe here on this peak of the Green Mountains.

EVELYN E. TUDHOPE
BRISTOL, VT.

Your essay on "Obligation to a Cow" ("Draughts of Old Bourbon" in July *MERCURY*) is a signpost on the highway of time.

KENNETH D. MCQUIGG
CHICAGO, ILL.

I have followed your magazine with a great deal of interest since its advent as the "new" *MERCURY* several months ago; on the whole I like it very much. It seems to me that your articles concerning foreign policy are really valuable contributions to American thinking.

JEAN LAWSON
NELSONVILLE, OHIO

Being a consistent reader of *MERCURY* I was, I'll confess, a little aghast when you took over. My first reaction was that here was another iconoclastic pseudo-intellectual who was going to startle everyone with rot, gut and smut. But I waited —. I was wrong. I like your stuff. It sounds like a man talking. A fundamentally *good* man if you'll permit me to say so.

JAMES K. WELCH, M.D.
CUBA, ILLINOIS

What a thoroughly rotten and worthless magazine — and it used to be pretty good. I bought it for the Truman article and boy, oh boy, what a mess the rest of the magazine is in.

UNSIGNED
PITTSBURGH, PA.

In Our Opinion

I was shocked at your rotten article about the President of the United States (*any* President).

MILDRED MONISON
DOVER, N. H.

It is my private opinion that you are an opinionated, conceited ass. It is also my opinion that you are amusing and courageous. I can stand a conceited ass if he is also amusing and courageous. More power to your magazine.

ADA SAGE LAVERTY
BIGELOW, ARK.

The continuation of your vivid character profile concerning Harry S. Truman . . . while illuminating and penetrating is, however, somewhat limited in scope. You overlook one of Truman's outstanding characteristics, which is — never play fair.

JOHN A. WARD
NEW YORK CITY

Please accept, in plain dull prose, my heartiest felicitations and appreciation of the splendid editorial work you are giving us in the new MERCURY.

LEON PATRICK, M.D.
OCEANSIDE, CALIF.

An orchid to the new MERCURY! In this day of managed "thinking" it is a relief, a tonic against current ring-in-the-nose intellectualism.

PRESCOTT CHAPLIN
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

My complaint against the new AMERICAN MERCURY is that it is published monthly, instead of every two weeks.

HERBERT A. SINDSKOPF
JAMAICA, NEW YORK

NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM **The New York Times**

“WHAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

“The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

“In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

“The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind.”

This advertisement is brought to you in behalf of America's thousands of privately-managed Oil Companies by the OIL INDUSTRY INFORMATION COMMITTEE,
AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

The Moral Eclipse of a Great Writer

THE CASE AGAINST THOMAS MANN

EUGENE TILLINGER

ONE of the absurdities of our time is the depiction of Thomas Mann, internationally famous novelist and Nobel prizewinner, as a true liberal, and a great humanitarian, as a fighter for freedom and democracy, as a defender of moral integrity and decency. The myth is widespread, and it is therefore of some importance that Thomas Mann's real political record become known in this country.

Very few Americans are familiar, for example, with his deification of Prussian militarism and Pan-Germanism during World War I. Sample: In his essay *Friedrich und die grosse Koalition* (1915) he wrote, "War! It is purification, liberation, an enormous hope. . . . The vic-

tory of Germany will be a paradox, nay, a wonder: a victory of the soul over numbers. The German soul is opposed to the pacifist ideal of civilization, for is not peace the element of civil corruption?"

But if this phase of Mann's political career is barely known to Americans, his early encounter with Nazism is almost entirely unknown in the United States. Here are some details: In the Fall of 1933, when Mann's name was identified with an anti-Nazi magazine, *Die Sammlung* (launched by his late son Klaus with the help of André Gide and Aldous Huxley), the Goebbels Propaganda Ministry threatened to put Mann's books on the *verboten* list. Whereupon Mann wired from his abode

in Switzerland to Goebbels' *Reichsstelle* asserting that he had been misled as to the character of the publication. Mann's books continued to be sold freely in Nazi Germany for some time. In 1934, Mann addressed a letter to Hitler's Minister of the Interior asking for an extension of his German passport. To support his application he recalled how he had "started the fight against the democratization of the German spirit." On the subject of Hitler's rise to power Mann was most eloquent: "Since history has spoken, I have kept silent. This is my decision — to live in complete seclusion devoted to my personal tasks." Later, of course, he was anti-Nazi, and this is the Mann with which the world is much more familiar.

But we do not intend to rake the past — although the biographer has no right to ignore what he finds in his explorations. Our concern is with today, and with the Thomas Mann of today. The dark force that threatens the peace and security of the world today emanates from the Soviet Union. What is the record of Thomas Mann, celebrated humanist, on Stalin's terrorist state?

It is a record that will astonish, and repel, most Americans.

THOMAS MANN DID NOT hesitate to denounce Tsarist Russia as a "depraved police state," and it is to his credit that he expressed this denunciation. But he has been much

more "liberal" in his stated views on Stalin's police state, which is infinitely more grotesque than ever was the state of the Romanovs. He has glibly praised Soviet achievements in the areas of economic justice and social responsibility and has left no doubt concerning his "high respect for the historic event of the Russian revolution," by which he did not refer to the democratic, national revolution of March 1917, which toppled the Tsar, but Lenin's *coup d'état* of November of that year which put to death the young Russian democracy. In 1944, Ilya Ehrenburg, the savage Soviet propagandist, noted Mann's compliments. "Thomas Mann," wrote Ehrenburg, "has expressed his admiration for the integrity and justice of our cause." (*Novy Mir*, 1-2, Moscow 1944.) What higher authority could the Soviet dictatorship possibly quote?

Both the House Un-American Activities Committee (for whose abolition Mann has repeatedly agitated) and a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee have published long lists of his pro-Communist affiliations and activities. According to these government sources, Mann has sponsored such important Communist front organizations as the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the League of American Writers, the National Council of American-Soviet friendship, the Independent

Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, the World Federation of Democratic Youth, the American Council for a Democratic Greece, the Win-the-Peace Conference. All of these groups have been cited as subversive by the Attorney General of the United States or by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Nor is this, by any means, the complete list of his activities of this kind. He has rallied to the defense of Soviet agent Gerhart Eisler, has protested the deportation of Gerhart's brother Hanns Eisler, served on the welcoming committee for Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, has written for *Soviet Russia Today*, a magazine devoted to the glorification of the Stalintern.

In 1948, when Henry Wallace became the Progressive Party's presidential candidate, Mann endorsed him as "America's most faithful son . . . [who] doesn't let himself be intimidated by those idiots who insult him." On November 7, 1948, the *German American*, a New York Communist publication, quoted Mann as stating, "Because I am not a capitalist, I don't have enough fear of the Russian threat to the capitalist-bourgeois way of life. But as far as I can see, Russia doesn't threaten the thing that matters most: Peace."

In March 1949 the Communists held an internationally-publicized "Cultural and Scientific Conference

for World Peace" at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. By then the Soviet myth was threadbare. Prominent intellectuals — including those who had previously been taken in by Stalin's cohorts with ease — were no longer willing to lend an ear to the siren who mouthed slogans of decency in the cause of a dictatorship. They refused to attend. The conference was exposed nationally. In addition, a group of true, anti-Communist liberals, led by Professor Sidney Hook, an outstanding scholar and indefatigable opponent of totalitarianism, held a counter-conference. Simultaneously, intellectuals who had accepted the Communist invitations without knowing their originating source cancelled their scheduled appearances. Left — with the exception of a few genuine innocents — were those who knew everything about Stalin's dictatorship that the anti-Communists knew, but who didn't care. Thomas Mann, of course, was quick to furnish his name as a sponsor of this meeting — and he didn't withdraw it later.

On March 14, 1949, Professor Hook, chairman of the Philosophy Department at New York University, sent a registered letter to Thomas Mann. Professor Hook wrote:

I am confident that although you are listed as a sponsor of the Conference that your name was procured under false pretenses. . . . It seems to me that the cause of peace would

be better served if independent persons like yourself made the sharpest disassociation from any individuals or groups whose main interest is in furthering the interests of Soviet foreign policy. . . .

It is difficult to imagine a more decent way to broach the matter, or a more discourteous response than Thomas Mann saw fit to make. He did not acknowledge or answer the letter! Instead, he sent a personal message to the Communist-controlled Conference describing it as "one ray of hope and reason," in a world no doubt filled with terrible democrats like Sidney Hook. In this message he included his regret at "the machinations aimed at discrediting" the Conference — a crude slap at the United States State Department which had performed a public service by publicizing the bogus nature of the affair. Mann denounced the "assiduous enemies of peace" who had announced their hostility to the meeting, a Communist-cheered poke at some of the best-known and respected leaders in American thought and literature.

Thomas Mann threatened to hit rock-bottom when he put in a personal appearance at the "Conference on Peace," held by the Hollywood branch of the Council of Arts, Sciences and Professions, in Los Angeles in June 1949. The *Daily Worker* jubilantly reported that he "called the Marshall Plan a bribe to European countries to abandon so-

cialism and fight Russia." He also brought exclusive news with him to the meeting. The United States, he said, is "dangerously close to a police state."

HE REVEALED himself fully, however, during his first postwar trip to his native Germany in the summer of 1949. In Frankfurt-am-Main in Western Germany, where he received the Goethe Prize, Mann was asked at a press conference whether, in his opinion, there was a difference between Nazism and Communism. According to Berlin's *Der Kurier* of July 26, 1949 he declared that there is a "moral difference" between the two monster states, and added: "Communism has a certain relation to the ideal of humanity and the ideal of a better future for mankind. National Socialism resembled nihilism. It was diabolical." The second part of the statement is irrefutable.

When it was learned that the city of Weimar in the Russian zone had invited Mann to receive its own Goethe Prize, the novelist was urged by German democrats to refuse as a moral protest. Mann did refuse — but it was the German democrats he refused. He was then asked by newspapermen if, while in Weimar, he would request permission to visit the infamous Nazi concentration camp of Buchenwald, now an infamous Soviet concentration camp. This dismal slaughter-house is only

a few miles from Weimar. Mann's answer is memorable. To make such a request, he said, was not "according to the wishes of the group which invited me," namely Stalin's chieftains in Russian-controlled Germany.

Mann was also deluged with requests by former inmates of Buchenwald that he visit the camp. He turned the same morally deaf ear to these requests that he had to those that had preceded them. Then he made his glorious trip to Soviet-controlled Weimar. The Communists responded magnificently. Red youth groups were ordered to surround his car and sing for him. Delegations of miners and other workers were marched to his hotel. Not a technique in the Soviet science of planned glorification was omitted. The 74-year-old novelist was placed on a throne of concocted acclaim.

In presenting the Goethe prize to Mann in the Weimar National Theater, Johannes R. Becher, the gang boss of German Stalinist intellectuals, said: "We thank you, Thomas Mann, that you, the proven fighting humanist, when the time has come, have risen openly against the fundamental folly of our era, as you defined anti-Bolshevism, and that you have recognized the need for a just and unbiased evaluation of the historical phenomenon of the great Soviet Union."

Instead of being sickened by this spectacle, as were German demo-

crats, Mann was overjoyed. At a farewell banquet he left behind him some not-to-be-forgotten words. Here they are, as recorded by the official press of his hosts, and as they appeared in the *Taegliche Rundschau*, organ of the Soviet military:

Thomas Mann declared that during his visit to Weimar, he had noticed a remarkable difference between the Western and Eastern zones of Germany. In Western Germany he had been honored . . . as, so to speak, the last representative of the bourgeois era, [but] here [in Eastern Germany] a new era had confronted him, a vision of the future. He was not greeted here as an old fogey, but as one who could help to build a new world. "If that should happen," said Thomas Mann, "if actually I could, through my work, contribute something to the New, I would be most happy in this environment."

After Mann's visit to the Soviet zone, Paul Olberg, a Swedish journalist, took him to task — in an Open Letter that stirred Europe — for having praised Goethe's humanitarianism before "the Russian officials in Weimar — before ruthless men who trample upon the human dignity of people who think differently from themselves."

Wrote Paul Olberg: "These men will certainly not fail to make the greatest propaganda use of the undeserved honor which you have bestowed upon them. But for the martyrs of liberty and human rights

in the concentration camp your acceptance of homage from their torturers came as a staggering moral blow."

Thomas Mann's answer to Paul Olberg unleashed a wave of indignation and revulsion among freedom-loving intellectuals in Europe. Wrote Mann:

"... The fact that I reserve the right to make a distinction between the attitude of Communism toward the idea of humanity, and the absolute baseness of fascism; that I refuse to participate in the hysteria of persecuting Communists and in warmongering; and that I speak for peace in a world whose future can no longer be imagined without Communist elements — this alone is sufficient to gain for me a certain confidence in the sphere of that social religion, which I have not sought [and] which, however, I will never be able to consider as a bad sign for my intellectual and moral health."

A more sanctimonious — or evasive — answer would be difficult to compose. The charge against him was that he had given comfort and aid to the hirelings of the largest, and most terroristic, Empire in human history. It is characteristic of Thomas Mann that, in his reply, he had turned the tables so that, if one did not know the details of the incident, it would seem as if Mann were being injured. Despite his elevated creative orientation, Mann's judgment of living cultures apparently

depends on whether they heap unadulterated flattery on him or not. Mann himself, in his reply to Olberg, almost stated the matter explicitly. Here is what Mann said:

You speak a great deal of political freedom and civil rights, which are granted the people in the Western zone of Germany. . . . The authoritarian people's state has its horrible aspects. *The benefit it brings is that stupidity and insolence at last have been forced to keep their mouths shut.* In the Eastern zone I did not see mudslinging letters and insulting articles, as happened in the West. . . . Do I owe that only to the fear of Buchenwald — or to the education of the people, which, more successfully than that in the West, fosters respect for creative achievements like mine? As far back as 1945, lectures were held in Weimar about my books, in particular about my Goethe novel, and prominent Communist literary historians and critics devoted important essays to my works. . . . (Our italics.)

At last Mann had publicly pronounced the virtues of dictatorship: the stupid and the insolent are "forced to keep their mouths shut." He neglected to state how the Soviets manage to achieve this silence. In a dictatorial state Mann did not see mudslinging letters or articles — such as this one. What Mann was saying was that he did not see a free press and the spectacle filled him with joy. In a dictatorial state, Mann was saying, when you are world

famous and are on the side of the dictators, a big fuss is made over you. Respect is fostered "for creative achievements like mine." This is the man about whom the press and the colleges and the critics speak of axiomatically as the great democrat and humanist!

THE FRENCH WEEKLY *Les Lettres Francaises*, on May 18, 1950, published an exclusive interview with Thomas Mann on its front page. A screaming three column headline ran over it. *Les Lettres Francaises*, we should add, is the official organ in the cultural field of the French Communist Party. Its publisher, Claude Morgan, is one of the foremost French Stalinist intellectual leaders. Morgan requested an interview with Mann, and Mann granted it.

Morgan arrived bearing him greetings from the Stalintern's World Committee of the Partisans of Peace. The conversation they held was interesting. "Why did you sign the Stockholm Appeal," Morgan asked, referring to the fraudulent Stalinist call for "peace," a petition-signing campaign denounced by the United States Government.

Answered Thomas Mann: "I signed the Stockholm Appeal because I support every movement whose goal is to further peace. In an atomic war, I am convinced, there will be neither victor nor loser, but the world will suffer general destruction. For that

reason I have signed. I think I have acted in the interest of my new fatherland, America. . . ." Mann was serving America by enlisting in a campaign denounced by the Government of his "new fatherland!"

Another interview — in the French Communist-front publication, *Droit et Liberte* of May 25, 1950 — quotes Mann as saying: "We must save the peace; this today is the most important thing. Therefore the movement for peace that started in Stockholm should be heartily welcomed." This article stresses the fact that "the night before this interview was granted, Thomas Mann had signed the Stockholm Appeal."

Subsequently, the Communist press of Europe, inside and outside of the Iron Curtain, featured excerpts from Mann's interview with Claude Morgan. The Berlin Communist *Bz am Abend*, for example, reprinted the entire interview on May 23, 1951. Then the Communists came up with an even more impressive eye-catcher. Their press reproduced a photostatic copy of Thomas Mann's original signature on the official sheet of the "World Committee for Partisans of Peace for the Absolute Prohibition of Atomic Weapons." Special leaflets bearing Mann's signature were circulated in France in order to obtain, with this bait, other signatures for the Stockholm Appeal.

In New York the *Daily Worker*, on May 30, 1950, reproduced this

same photostat bearing Mann's signature. The American branch of the Stockholm Appeal, the so-called Peace Information Center, distributed leaflets with Thomas Mann's statement prominently featured ("I have signed the Stockholm Appeal . . ."). On July 22, 1950 the *New York Times* reproduced this leaflet on page four with Mann's name clearly visible. On August 14 the *Times* ran a story reporting that Mann's name was included in the most recent list of signers of the Stockholm Appeal.

Months passed. Then, on October 31, Mann issued a vague denial. A UP dispatch from Los Angeles quoted him as saying, "I have never signed the Stockholm Appeal, even if this is erroneously so often stated." He added: "I heard about this assertion only comparatively late, because I traveled around the whole summer. Then, *when I learned about it, I didn't deny it because it was too late and because I have always been for peace.*" (Our italics.)

What about the signature that the Communists reproduced and distributed as part of their propaganda literature? Mann, in the spring of 1951, declared the reproduction to be a fake. Said he: "This 'document' was not new to me. Months after its publication and weeks after my return from Europe I became aware of it. How it came about is neither discoverable nor interesting to me."

Let us draw the conclusion. Thomas Mann thus conceded that the "document" was known to him for a considerable period of time, but he didn't think the matter sufficiently interesting to investigate it! In other words, well aware of the fact that the Communists had "forged" his signature under a highly important political document, he considered the matter too trivial to bother about. He did not care much, that through his inaction, he had furnished the Communists with an opportunity to utilize his name and reputation in a high-pressure campaign throughout Europe and the United States! One inevitably wonders whether Mann would have acted similarly if, for example, Goebbels had forged his signature to a letter endorsing a Hitler propaganda statement and published it in the Nazi and Nazi satellite press.

Regarding the Stockholm Appeal, however, there still remained one relevant matter. What about the famous interview with the publisher of *Les Lettres Francaises*, in which Mann is directly quoted as saying that he *did* sign?

Said Mann, now: "True, when a French journalist, Mr. Claude Morgan of *Les Lettres Francaises* asked me 'why' I had endorsed a peace appeal drawn up in Stockholm and hence unlikely to have been made in Moscow, I naturally assumed that I had done so . . ."

LET US JOURNEY further on the road that Thomas Mann has chosen to travel. On November 15, 1950, *L'Humanité*, official daily of the French Communists, published excerpts from a letter Thomas Mann had written to Frederick Joliot-Curie, president of the World Peace Congress. *L'Humanité* quoted Mann as follows:

"I received your letter as well as the motion addressed to the Security Council of the Office of the World Committee of the Partisans of Peace and I cannot but express to you and to your co-workers my sympathy and my respect for your noble efforts to save the peace. In this undertaking you have allies throughout the world . . ."

When on November 18, 1950, the German Communist paper *Neues Deutschland* reported that Mann had been elected to the presidium of the Second World Peace Congress, the novelist issued a statement to the effect that he had nothing whatsoever to do with this Communist Peace Congress. He did not realize at that time that *L'Humanité* had already carried part of his letter of praise to Joliot-Curie!

If Thomas Mann had really intended to refute "any relation" with the World Peace Congress, he could have so notified Joliot-Curie. Instead, he preferred to express his "sympathy" and "respect" for an undisputed instrument of Stalinist propaganda, a network whose activi-

ties were branded by the State Department as the "most concentrated and farflung propaganda effort of the Communist movement in the post-war period."

It is rather amusing, or sad, to note that Mann, when he learned that *L'Humanité* had made public a portion of his letter to Joliot-Curie, called it an "unauthorized attempt . . . wholly inexcusable."

When I first felt an obligation to publicize Thomas Mann's pro-Communist activities some time ago, the novelist, infuriated, declared that he had become the innocent victim of a "witch hunt." And the apologists for Mann attacked what they called the "undignified way of dragging men of literature into the political arena and inquiring into their political views." No one, according to these people, seems to have the right to take Thomas Mann seriously, although they do not seem to realize that that is what they are saying.

As the details of Mann's record continue to come to light, the heated outbursts of uncritical supporters of Mann become less and less impressive.

On May 22, 1951, for example, Johannes R. Becher, president of the Red Cultural League for German Democratic Renewal, chairman of innumerable Stalinist organizations, and one of the most fanatic Kremlin mouthpieces in Soviet-controlled Germany, celebrated his

sixtieth birthday. This was indeed a world shaking event, and Thomas Mann responded in a manner he felt was appropriate. He wrote to Becher:

. . . Let me say this: Even more, or almost more than the poet and writer, I love and honor Johannes R. Becher the man — this deeply stirred heart, moved by sincere impulses, that I have felt beating on so many occasions, particularly during our meeting when I visited Weimar in 1949 — a personal experience which has left behind a lasting impression of his nature and his being. The essence of his being I felt to be an unselfishness, pure and absorbing as a flame; a readiness to serve, fervent to the point of suffering, which totally penetrates his poetry and his writings; an *ethos* of community which predestines him emotionally to be a Communist, and which politically has become a Communist creed.

His Communism has positively patriotic color; as a matter of fact it fulfills itself in patriotism. One has only to read his poems to know that his impetus toward service to the community, to the people, is first and last the fervent wish to serve his people, the German people, and to be its loving and faithful adviser, to the best of his knowledge and conscience. *I think the day will come when the German people in its entirety will thank him for his love.* (Our italics.)

This, the reader must remember, was written — in 1951! — to one of Stalin's cultural bosses in Germany!

It will suffice to note that *Neues*

Deutschland of May 22 carried this text under the prophetic heading, "The Day Will Come . . . by Thomas Mann." This line, taken from the most significant sentence of this bewildering letter, reveals the true nature of Thomas Mann. Since he writes that "the day will come, when the German people in its entirety" will thank Becher, one can only assume that Herr Mann hopefully means the day when all Germany has been taken by the Communists!

But perhaps we are being unfair to Mann. Perhaps Becher, Communist "cultural whip" that he is, is also a great man. Perhaps Mann has discovered a poet worthy of this incredible panegyric. Alas, Becher is the man who did not blush when he once wrote, "How happy must be the letter 'i' as it is permitted to form a letter in the name of Stalin." To eulogize so debased a character is an index to the depths to which Thomas Mann has fallen. He, Mann, does not blush when he praises a Stalinist lackey (his "unselfishness, pure and absorbing as a flame") who some time ago publicly declared that Soviet concentration camps in Eastern Germany are "a necessary establishment."

"One has only to read his poems," writes Mann, to understand Becher fully. And Mann is quite right. Here is a typical poem by Becher that ought to enable anyone to understand him. It is entitled Hymn to

the Soviet Union, and is taken from the *Neue Deutsche Volkslieder*, Aufbau Verlag, Berlin, 1950:

*You are the citadel of humanity
In the storm of barbarism!
You are the world's best,
For your people became free. . . .
To read Stalin's look,
We seek his face,
As if it were a being
That daily speaks to us.
You are in our midst,
And your spirit breathes through us.
It is your steps that announce
The road toward which Lenin points.
You gave battle, the holy battle of
freedom
To the hordes of the enemy
The world is newly arisen
In the victory of the Soviet power.*

NO ONE WILL deny or minimize, or should deny or minimize, Thomas Mann's stature as a novelist, but his political record on Commu-

nism is sorry testimony, at best, to the "irresponsibility" of a world famous writer whose bizarre behavior in these troubled times is of great propaganda value to the dictators in the Kremlin. In the case against Thomas Mann two qualities of the man dominate: an alarming moral insensitivity and a fantastic egotism.

Nothing perhaps better characterizes the moral eclipse of Thomas Mann than does a statement from an editorial published in the *Neue Zeitung* of Munich, the official organ of the United States High Commission in Germany, on October 12, 1949:

. . . Thomas Mann presents us with the spectacle of a man who can no longer see reality, who abandons the truth, because he has become the prisoner of his *ego*. We agree with Thomas Mann: he is not a fellow traveler, he already belongs in a more dangerous category.

THE DAY MENCKEN BROKE THE LAW

The Place was Boston

The Year 1926

And a Crime was Committed

HERBERT ASBURY

AT TWO O'CLOCK on the afternoon of April 5, 1926, a taxicab stopped at the curb on Boston Common, opposite Brimstone Corner at Park and Tremont Streets, and H. L. Mencken, editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, stepped out, a broad grin on his face, several copies of the April 1926 issue of THE MERCURY tucked under his arm, and in his pocket a Boston city license to "peddle and hawk" any commodity except bones, grease, fish, fruit, vegetables, and refuse matter. After him came two lawyers, Arthur Garfield Hays of New York and Herbert E. Ehrmann of Boston. The fact that Mencken would be there had been announced in the newspapers, and a crowd of more than five thousand was on hand, composed mostly of students from Harvard, Boston University, and other colleges. These young men surged boisterously about Mencken, shouting encouragement and snatching at the magazines which he now held firmly clutched in both hands. One enthusiast

grabbed Mencken's hat, but the editor retrieved it and jammed it down over his ears.

Some fifteen minutes after Mencken's arrival, the Rev. J. Frank Chase, secretary of the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society, appeared on the outskirts of the crowd, accompanied by an imposing police escort which included Superintendent Michael Crowley, Captain George W. Patterson, Sergeant Thomas O'Donnell, detectives of the Vice Squad, and agents of the Society. Mencken waved his arms and yelled, "Over here, Mr. Chase!" and the college boys took up the cry, but it was some time before the police could force a passage through the crowd. Finally, however, Mencken and Chase faced each other. Mencken was still grinning, but Chase wore his habitual expression of gloomy determination. From his point of view he was dealing with a low criminal, and it was no time for levity. He pointed to the bundle of magazines in Mencken's hand.

"Will you sell me a copy?" he asked.

"I will," said Mencken. "I will, indeed."

"Just a minute," Hays interrupted. "Are you the Rev. J. Frank Chase?"

"I am."

"Sell him," said the lawyer, tersely.

Mencken thereupon bowed and handed Chase a copy of *THE MERCURY*, receiving in exchange a half-dollar which Captain Patterson had previously scratched for identification. The crowd cheered wildly as Mencken bit the coin, jiggled it in his palm for a moment, and put it in his pocket. Chase hurriedly riffled the pages of the magazine and glanced at the table of contents. Then he pointed a quivering forefinger at Mencken.

"Arrest that man!" he cried.

Superintendent Crowley motioned to Captain Patterson, who beckoned to Sergeant O'Donnell, who summoned Officer Oliver W. Garrett of the Vice Squad, who tapped Mencken on the shoulder and formally placed him under arrest. Captain Patterson took charge of the magazine which Mencken had sold to Chase, and requested the editor to turn over the half-dollar he had received in payment. The coin was never returned, and in later years Mencken often complained that he had been unjustly deprived of his money.

As the police started to lead Mencken away, he flung the remaining copies of *THE MERCURY*, which Captain Patterson had not seized, into the crowd. Vice Squad policemen darted after them, but were too late; the magazines were quickly torn to pieces and the pages pocketed as souvenirs. Preceded by Chase, Superintendent Crowley, and Captain Patterson, flanked on either side by an alert Vice Squad detective, and followed by his lawyers and the yelling crowd, Mencken was marched down Tremont Street to Police Headquarters. The students, who were alternately cheering Mencken and booing the police and the Watch and Ward Society, tried to rush into the building, but were pushed back after a hard struggle. Attorney Ehrmann became separated from Mencken and Hays, and excitedly attempted to force his way through the police lines. He was roughly handled, Superintendent Crowley personally pinning him against the wall and shouting, "Will you leave peaceably or will I throw you out?" The lawyer chose peace, and left the building. A little later, however, he was identified and admitted. He hurried to the side of his client, whom he found happily posing for photographers and issuing statements to a swarm of reporters.

After being held in the detention room for an hour or so, Mencken was arraigned before Judge Sullivan of the Boston Municipal Court upon a

warrant which set forth that he "did sell to one Jason F. Chase certain obscene, indecent, and impure printing . . . manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth." The police asked for a week's postponement, but Judge Sullivan refused to grant the delay, and set the case down for trial the following morning before Judge James P. Parmenter.

The "impure printing" complained of was an article called "Hatrack," which discussed prostitution in the small towns of the Middle West, particularly in Farmington, Missouri, and was somewhat critical of the attitude of the churches and the virtuous people of Farmington toward their fallen sisters, specifically the town harlot, a scrawny, pathetic creature jokingly called Hatrack because of her figure. I wrote the article, but I was never accused of any crime more serious than bad taste, sacrilege, and trying to imitate Mencken's style.

I WAS SUPPOSED to make the trip to Boston with Mencken and Arthur Garfield Hays, but couldn't get away from my job in New York. I went down on the night of April 5, however, and when the case was heard before Judge Parmenter I testified that Hatrack was an actual person and that the article concerning her was true in every detail. Neither Mencken nor Hays made any suggestions about my testi-

mony, except that Mencken said, "If they ask you if you are a Christian, say yes."

Mencken always insisted that he wasn't excited when he went into court. Well, maybe he wasn't, but I recall that when I walked into his suite at the Hotel Copley-Plaza a few hours before the trial, I found him sitting in the bathtub, furiously smoking a cigar and talking, just as furiously, to a Baltimore newspaper man. I supposed that he was taking a bath, but there was no water in the tub, and he had his hat on.

The hearing before Judge Parmenter was informal, with principals, witnesses, lawyers, and reporters clustered about the bench. The court room was crowded, but the spectators heard little or nothing. I dropped back a few feet after testifying, and several newspaper men began talking to me about the case. A court attendant shushed them, but they paid no attention until Mencken turned and cried, "Shut up, dammit!" Judge Parmenter raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. The reporters shut up.

Judge Parmenter, who was unfamiliar with *THE MERCURY*, adjourned the trial overnight in order to read the magazine, especially "Hatrack." Mencken, his lawyers, and virtually everyone else expected a conviction. "It's a cinch," said a Boston reporter. "Chase always wins." On the morning of April 7 Judge Parmenter handed down his decision,

that "Hatrack" was not obscene and in no way violated the law, and that Mencken had committed no offense in selling the magazine.

Meanwhile Mencken's lawyers had filed a \$50,000 damage suit against Chase and the Watch and Ward Society, which was never tried, and had applied to the United States District Court for an injunction restraining the Society from further molesting THE MERCURY. This injunction was granted on April 14 by Judge James M. Morton, Jr. In New York on April 8, Mencken was informed by the Associated Press that the Post Office Department had barred the April issue of THE MERCURY from the mails, at the request of various religious organizations and the Chamber of Commerce of Farmington, Missouri. This order made no sense, as the April issue had been passed by the Postmaster at Camden, New Jersey, where the magazine was printed, and the entire edition had been mailed to subscribers and distributors before Mencken was arrested. Neither Mencken nor Alfred A. Knopf, then the publisher of THE MERCURY, had been notified that the Post Office contemplated such action, and had no opportunity to offer a defense. After much stalling, the Department finally consented to hear their protests, and on April 15, Mencken, Knopf, and Arthur Garfield Hays met with Post Office officials in Washington. At the conclu-

sion of the hearing, which verged on the farcical, it was announced that the ban would not be lifted. An appeal was immediately taken to the Federal Courts in New York, and on May 12, Judge Julian W. Mack granted a permanent injunction which compelled the Post Office Department to open the mails to the disputed issue. Mencken's victory was complete. The Watch and Ward Society had been shown not to be omnipotent, and its power had been considerably reduced. Since the Hatrack case the censorship situation in Boston has been somewhat more tolerable, though there is still a great deal of room for improvement.

I WAS WORKING on the *New York Herald Tribune*, and occasionally writing mystery and detective fiction, when Mencken and George Jean Nathan galloped into the American scene with THE AMERICAN MERCURY in 1924 and began, as Mencken once put it, "to stir up the animals." The first few issues of the new magazine convinced me that Mencken and Nathan were two of the greatest men the century had yet produced — an opinion which I still hold — and almost overnight to be a MERCURY contributor became my greatest ambition. After two or three false starts I wrote a reminiscence of my boyhood, which was largely an account of the debasing effects of organized religion as

practiced in the Missouri town where I was born and lived for nineteen years. I sent this article to *THE MERCURY*, and a few days later was asked to have a talk with Nathan. While I was in Nathan's office Mencken came in, and I saw him for the first time. I had expected an imposing giant dripping erudition at every pore; instead, I was introduced to a chunky, moon-faced man of average height, with mild blue eyes and brown hair carefully parted in the middle and slicked down. He had a big cigar in his mouth, and wore a blue suit which was a little untidy and a trifle too small. After I had answered several searching questions, Nathan said *THE MERCURY* would buy my article. Mencken nodded and said:

"We can't pay much, you know."

"Who writes for money?" I said, scornfully.

Nathan coughed, and Mencken snickered gently. I felt very silly. Mencken never let me forget that unfortunate crack. I don't believe I ever saw him again that he didn't refer to it.

The article was published in the February, 1925, issue of *THE MERCURY*, after Nathan had retired as co-editor, under the title "Up From Methodism." It produced many violent and abusive letters, and caused a considerable commotion in parts of the Middle West, though nothing compared to the furor raised a year later by the publication of

"Hatrack." In the late summer of 1925, at Mencken's suggestion, I expanded "Up From Methodism" into a book, and Knopf accepted it for publication in September, 1926. I sent a copy of the book manuscript to Mencken, hoping that he could use some of it in *THE MERCURY*. The story of Hatrack, about three thousand words, was a small section of a chapter called "Diversions of An Abandoned Sinner." Mencken said he would like to lift this section out of the manuscript and publish it as an article.

"I need a piece about that long," he said.

As far as I ever knew that was the only reason he accepted it. I can't recall that he ever expressed an opinion as to the literary merits of the piece, and I still don't know whether he thought it was a good article or just something that would do to fill up space. When he was arrested in Boston, Mencken told the newspaper reporters that "Hatrack" was a "charming, pretty little thing," but that was obviously for the record, for whatever else Hatrack may have been, it was not that. The article was not advertised, or announced in the previous issue of the magazine, or given an especially good position. The issue in which it appeared was on sale in Boston almost two weeks before any action was taken against it.

Actually, "Hatrack" was not the real cause of the explosion; the arti-

cle was merely the trigger that set it off. The enmity of the Watch and Ward Society toward Mencken and *THE MERCURY* began when the magazine, in September, 1925, published an article which exposed and denounced the extra-legal methods by which the Society's secretary, Rev. J. Frank Chase, had established himself as the censor of books and magazines in Massachusetts and, to a large extent, throughout New England. Chase operated by threatening and intimidating book-sellers and newsdealers; in no case did he bring a publisher into court and permit him to defend himself or protect his property. If a newsdealer ignored the threats, he was arrested, and since the Society, though a Protestant organization, possessed great influence with the Boston police and courts, a conviction was easily obtained. The publisher seldom knew what was going on until he was notified by the distributors, or learned from the newspapers, that his book or magazine had been withdrawn from sale.

After the appearance of this article it soon became common knowledge in Boston and New York that the Watch and Ward Society was gunning for Mencken and *THE MERCURY*, and would crack down on them at the first opportunity. "Hat-rack" provided the opportunity. It is doubtful if even Chase really saw anything obscene in the article, but it could be, and was, construed as

an attack upon religion, and it was obvious that any attempt to suppress it would be supported by the churches and religious groups generally, with the cry of blasphemy and sacrilege. Several important newspapers upheld the suppression of *THE MERCURY* on these grounds. The *New York Herald Tribune*, for example, in an editorial denouncing Mencken as "a professional smart aleck," said that there were "substantial grounds for suppression on the score of sacrilege."

In the latter part of March the Watch and Ward Society ordered the distributors and newsdealers of Massachusetts to withdraw the April issue of *THE MERCURY*, and they immediately obeyed, as they had always done. One dealer in Cambridge, however, Felix Caragianes by name, sold a copy, and was promptly arrested. His defense was that the customer was a Harvard professor. Some two weeks later Caragianes was brought quietly into court, found guilty, and fined one hundred dollars. On his behalf the case was appealed, and the prosecution was eventually dropped by the state. In New York about April 1 Mencken read in the newspapers that *THE MERCURY* had been banned in Boston, and a day or so later he was notified of the Society's action by the Boston magazine distributors. I was in Mencken's office on April 4, and he told me that he and Knopf had decided to fight the Society,

and that he had arranged to sell Chase a copy in Boston and so make a test case.

"Chase and his gang," he said, "have been running wild in Boston for years, and everybody's afraid of them. It's high time somebody fought back. This may be a good chance to clip their wings."

THE FUROR over "Hatrack" began as soon as the Watch and Ward Society had Mencken arrested. Newspapers all over the country printed long news stories and editorials about the case, many of the latter very violent, and several carried accounts of Mencken's trial and acquittal under eight-column headlines. Both Mencken and I received scores of letters, in which we were called the foulest names imaginable. Newstand stocks of *THE MERCURY* were soon exhausted, and for several weeks copies of the April issue sold for as much as sixty dollars each. One newsdealer in Oklahoma City made more than fifty dollars by chaining a copy to his stand and charging his customers ten cents a look. A few district attorneys and police officials, trying to grab a little publicity, announced that the sale of *THE MERCURY* would not be permitted in their jurisdictions. Many libraries removed the magazine from their shelves because of the huge crowds which wanted to see it; several tore out the "Hatrack" pages and de-

stroyed them. Religious organizations held numerous mass meetings, at which Mencken and everyone else connected with *THE MERCURY* were denounced. Methodist preachers usually addressed these gatherings, and many, who should have known better, identified me as the son or grandson of Bishop Francis Asbury. I took great delight in calling their attention to the fact that the Bishop, who died in 1816, was never married, and in expressing my resentment at these slurs upon the character of the greatest figure in American Methodism.

Everywhere except in my home town of Farmington, Missouri, also Hatrack's home town, Mencken was flailed as the chief villain; I was generally looked upon as an unfortunate lad who had succumbed to Mencken's baleful influence. In Farmington, however, I was the evil one. At a mass meeting called by the Chamber of Commerce, and attended by every clergyman in town as well as by a large number of citizens, I was assailed as one who had fouled his own nest. When the chairman began to read "Hatrack" aloud, he was halted by cries of anguish from the town's leading banker, "Stop! Stop! We must not listen to such an immoral recital!" According to the *United News*, everybody in town was talking about me in the most "dreadful terms." At first the whole town denied that the article was true, or that Hatrack had ever ex-

isted, but when the unfortunate woman was found living in a nearby village, with three children in an orphan asylum, the tune was changed somewhat, and I was violently accused of having insulted Farmington womanhood.

I WAS ANNOYED for many years, and Mencken and Knopf were also, by people who insisted that the Hatrack affair was a publicity stunt, and that everyone concerned in it had made a great deal of money. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No effort whatever was made to capitalize the publicity that flowed out of the case, and nobody made any more than he would have if the article hadn't been attacked. Knopf, indeed, lost heavily; the legal expenses were very large. Many thousands of additional copies of the April issue of *THE MERCURY* could have been sold, but not one extra copy was printed. The print order for the May issue, which had been given to the printer before Mencken's arrest, was not increased. When "Up From Methodism" was published in book form in September, 1926, "Hatrack" was returned to its place in the chapter from which Mencken had lifted it, and the fact that it was part of the book was not mentioned in any of Knopf's advertising or promotional matter.

Mencken paid me eighty dollars for the article, and I received one hundred dollars in 1944, eighteen

years later, when it was used in *The American Mercury Reader*. Since then it has appeared in a few anthologies. The total earnings of the article, over a period of some twenty-five years, do not exceed \$250. It was reported in the newspapers that I had sold the dramatic rights, but this was untrue. Two first-rate playwrights tried to fashion a play about Hatrack, but failed. Harold Atteridge, a well-known musical comedy writer of the period, who worked mostly for the Shuberts, wanted to do a one-act sketch about Hatrack for the Winter Garden show, a big musical revue. His first idea was for me to make a personal appearance and deliver a little talk about prostitution, a sort of running commentary set against a chorus line of Hatracks. When I told Mencken about this, he said, "that's the damndest idea I ever heard of." I held many conferences with Atteridge and other representatives of the Shuberts, and they were very generous in the matter of theatre tickets, lunches, dinners, and parties. I had a wonderful time, but the whole thing finally petered out and Hatrack was forgotten. *THE MERCURY* has reprinted the article twice, in 1936 and 1950. The last printing produced one letter, a brief communication from a man in Georgia, who said, "I have now read your Hatrack article three times, in 1926, in 1936, and in 1950. It still stinks."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

HENRY L. MENCKEN

HAS IT BEEN marked by historians that the late William Jennings Bryan's last secular act on this earth was to catch flies? A curious detail, and not without its sardonic overtones. He was the most sedulous fly-catcher in American history, and by long odds the most successful. His quarry, of course, was not *Musca domestica* but *Homo neandertalensis*. For forty years he tracked it with snare and blunderbuss, up and down the backways of the Republic. Wherever the flambeaux of Chautauqua smoked and guttered, and the bilge of Idealism ran in the veins, and Baptist pastors dammed the brooks with the saved, and men gathered who were weary and heavy laden, and their wives who were unyieldingly multiparous and full of Peruna — there the indefatigable Jennings set up his traps and spread his bait.

He knew every forlorn country town in the South and West, and he could crowd the most remote of them to suffocation by simply winding his horn. The city proletariat, transiently flustered by him in 1896, quickly penetrated his buncombe

and would have no more of him; the gallery jeered him at every Democratic national convention for twenty-five years. But out where the grass grows high, and the horned cattle dream away the lazy days, and men still fear the powers and principalities of the air — out there between the corn-rows he held his old puissance to the end. There was no need of beaters to drive in his game. The news that he was coming was enough. For miles the flivver dust would choke the roads. And when he rose at the end of the day to discharge his Message there would be such breathless attention, such a rapt and enchanted ecstasy, such a sweet rustle of amens as the world had not known since Johanan fell to Herod's headsman.

There was something peculiarly fitting in the fact that his last days were spent in a one-horse Tennessee village, and that death found him there. The man felt at home in such scenes. He liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet. Making his progress up and down the

Main street of little Dayton, surrounded by gaping primates from the upland valleys of the Cumberland Range, his coat laid aside, his bare arms and hairy chest shining damply, his bald head sprinkled with dust — so accoutred and on display he was obviously happy. He liked getting up early in the morning, to the tune of cocks crowing on the dunghill. He liked the heavy, greasy victuals of the farmhouse kitchen. He liked country lawyers, country pastors, all country people. I believe that this liking was sincere — perhaps the only sincere thing in the man.

His nose showed no uneasiness when a hillman in faded overalls and hickory shirt accosted him on the street, and besought him for light upon some mystery of Holy Writ. The simian gabble of a country town was not gabble to him, but wisdom of an occult and superior sort. In the presence of city folks he was palpably uneasy. Their clothes, I suspect, annoyed him, and he was suspicious of their too delicate manners. He knew all the while that they were laughing at him — if not at his baroque theology, then at least at his alpaca pantaloons. But the yokels never laughed at him. To them he was not the huntsman but the prophet, and toward the end, as he gradually forsook mundane politics for purely ghostly concerns, they began to elevate him in their hierarchy. When he died he was the peer

We are taking advantage of Mr. Asbury's article on H. L. Mencken, *THE MERCURY*'s founding genius, to give our readers, especially those under forty, a taste of Mencken's therapeutically acid pen. His essay on William Jennings Bryan, one of his most famous, appeared in the October 1925 issue of *THE MERCURY*.

of Abraham. Another curious detail: his old enemy, Wilson, aspiring to the same white and shining robe, came down with a thump. But Bryan made the grade. His place in the Tennessee hagiocracy is secure. If the village barber saved any of his hair, then it is curing gallstones down there today.

II

BUT WHAT LABEL will he bear in more urbane regions? One, I fear, of a far less flattering kind. Bryan lived too long, and descended too deeply into the mud, to be taken seriously hereafter by fully literate men, even of the kind who write schoolbooks. There was a scattering of sweet words in his funeral notices, but it was no more than a response to conventional sentimentality. The best verdict the most romantic editorial writer could dredge up, save

in the eloquent South, was to the general effect that his imbecilities were excused by his earnestness — that under clowning, as under that of the juggler of Notre Dame, there was the zeal of a steadfast soul. But this was apology, not praise; precisely the same thing might be said of Mary Baker Eddy, the late Czar Nicholas, or Czolgosz. The truth is that even Bryan's sincerity will probably yield to what is called, in other fields, definitive criticism. Was he sincere when he opposed imperialism in the Philippines, or when he fed it with deserving Democrats in Santo Domingo? Was he sincere when he tried to shove the Prohibitionists under the table, or when he seized their banner and began to lead them with loud whoops? Was he sincere when he bellowed against war, or when he dreamed of himself as a tin-soldier in uniform, with a grave reserved among the generals? Was he sincere when he denounced the late John W. Davis, or when he swallowed Davis? Was he sincere when he fawned over Champ Clark, or when he betrayed Clark? Was he sincere when he pleaded for tolerance in New York, or when he bawled for the fagot and the stake in Tennessee?

This talk of sincerity, I confess, fatigues me. If the fellow was sincere, then so was P. T. Barnum. The word is disgraced and degraded by such uses. He was, in fact, a charlatan, a mountebank, a zany without

shame or dignity. What animated him from end to end of his grotesque career was simply ambition — the ambition of a common man to get his hand upon the collar of his superiors, or, failing that, to get his thumb into their eyes.

He was born with a roaring voice, and it had the trick of inflaming halfwits. His whole career was devoted to raising these half-wits against their betters, that he himself might shine. His last battle will be grossly misunderstood if it is thought of as a mere exercise in fanaticism — that is, if Bryan the Fundamentalist Pope is mistaken for one of the bucolic Fundamentalists. There was much more in him than that, as everyone knows who saw him on the field. What moved him, at bottom, was simply hatred of the city men who had laughed at him so long, and brought him at last to so tatterdemalion an estate. He lusted for revenge upon them. He yearned to lead the anthropoid rabble against them, to set *Homo neandertalensis* upon them, to punish them for the execution they had done upon him by attacking the very vitals of their civilization. He went far beyond the bounds of any merely religious frenzy, however inordinate. When he began denouncing the notion that man is a mammal even some of the hinds at Dayton were agape. And when, brought upon Darrow's cruel hook, he writhed and tossed in a very fury of malignancy, bawling

against the baldest elements of sense and decency like a man frantic — when he came to that tragic climax there were snickers among the hinds as well as hosannas.

Upon that hook, in truth, Bryan committed suicide, as a legend as well as in the body. He staggered from the rustic court ready to die, and he staggered from it ready to be forgotten, save as a character in a third-rate farce, witless and in execrable taste. The chances are that history will put the peak of democracy in his time; it has been on the downward curve since the campaign of 1896.

He will be remembered, perhaps, as its supreme impostor, the *reductio ab absurdum* of its pretension. Bryan came very near being President of the United States. In 1896, it is possible, he was actually elected. He lived long enough to make patriots thank the inscrutable gods for Harding, even for Coolidge. Dullness has got into the White House, and the smell of cabbage boiling, but there is at least nothing to compare with the intolerable buffoonery that went on in Tennessee. The President of the United States doesn't believe that the earth is square, and that witches should be put to death, and that Jonah swallowed the whale. The Golden Text is not painted weekly on the White House wall, and there is no need to keep ambassadors waiting while Pastor Simpson, of Smithsville,

prays for rain in the Blue Room. We have escaped something — by a narrow margin, but still safely.

THAT IS, so far. The Fundamentalists continue at the wake, and sense gets a sort of reprieve. The legislature of Georgia, so the news comes, has shelved the anti-evolution bill, and turns its back upon the legislature of Tennessee. Elsewhere minorities prepare for battle — here and there with some assurance of success. But it is too early, it seems to me, to send the firemen home; the fire is still burning on many a far-flung hill, and it may begin to roar again at any moment. The evil that men do lives after them. Bryan, in his malice, started something that it will not be easy to stop. In ten thousand country towns his own heelers, the evangelical pastors, are propagating his gospel, and everywhere the yokels are ready for it. When he disappeared from the big cities, the big cities made the capital error of assuming that he was done for. If they heard of him at all, it was only as a crimp for real-estate speculators — the heroic foe of the unearned increment hauling it in with both hands. He seemed preposterous, and hence harmless. But all the while he was busy among his old lieges, preparing for a *jacquerie* that should floor all his enemies at one blow. He did the job competently. He had vast skill at such enterprises. Heave an egg out of a Pullman window,

and you will hit a Fundamentalist almost anywhere in the United States today. They swarm in the country towns, inflamed by their pastors, and with a saint, now, to venerate. They are thick in the mean streets behind the gasworks. They are everywhere that learning is too heavy a burden for mortal minds, even the vague, pathetic learning on tap in little red school-houses. They march with the Klan, with the Christian Endeavor Society, with the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, with the Epworth League, with all the rococo bands that poor and un-

happy folk organize to bring some light of purpose into their lives. They have had a thrill.

Such is Bryan's legacy to his country. He couldn't be President, but he could at least help magnificently in the solemn business of shutting off the presidency from every intelligent and self-respecting man. The storm, perhaps, won't last long, as time goes in history. It may help, indeed, to break up the democratic delusion, now already showing weakness, and so hasten its own end. But while it lasts it will blow off some roofs and flood some sanctuaries.

**already injured by a
brutal experience,
society also inflicts
its cruel punishment
on**

the

rape

victim

*Dr. Ignaz Rothenberg
and
Mildred K. Steffens*

ONE OF THE injustices in America today is the way we mistreat the innocent victims of rape. These victims are exhorted to cooperate with the police so that other women and children may be protected from sex criminals. But too often, when victims do cooperate, they are first pilloried in the newspapers and then subjected to a hideously unfair form of ostracism. This is an injustice which must be corrected if we are to curb a crime which in the past ten years has been perpetrated on at least 150,000 American women.

Notice what can happen when a victim does cooperate with police. In New York City last year a young model-actress acted as decoy in capturing three bandits. The armed men had entered her apartment. After binding her wrists together with a belt, two of the thugs had ransacked her place, while the third raped her. The girl finally attracted a neighbor by kicking a wall.

Next day, when two of the men phoned their victim, each at a different time, the actress had an opportunity to play a useful role. She invited the criminals to a rendezvous where detectives grabbed them.

After accepting much-merited thanks from the police — and after deserving the gratitude of every woman and child — the girl turned to the morning papers. Her most alluring photograph decorated the front page, and the story dwelt on every lurid detail of the rape. She

was fully identified: private name, professional name, address — it's to be wondered that her telephone number was omitted. Horrified, she telephoned the police, but she was incoherent. By the time they reached her apartment she was dead. Her suicide note read: "What's the use? This rape has ruined my career."

It was not the rape, of course, which had driven the girl to her death. It was the publicity — plus her knowledge that even some of her friends would begin avoiding her; and much of the public, whom she had hoped to please, would regard her with less than compassion.

Why is it that when a woman has been humiliated by rape, her humiliation must first be advertised, and then she must be regarded with derision as someone who has lost face or been made unclean?

The young actress who took her life had less to fear from the publicity than does the average rape victim. For the actress lived in New York where humiliations can be forgotten more quickly than in smaller communities. A college girl, whose rape by a paroled convict was exploited by the press, killed herself because she was convinced that her fiancé would no longer want her.

It is now a recognized fact that notoriety injures the rape victim in two ways: first, by increasing the subjective damage inflicted by her experience; and second, by reducing

the girl's chances for marriage and even, in many cases, excluding her from a normal life in the community.

Is it any wonder then that, for every rape case reported, at least several go unreported in the hope of avoiding these penalties? Is it any wonder that, with sex crimes increasing, the FBI has found it necessary to issue a special plea for more cooperation from rape victims? The "smart" girl who is raped remains permanently silent, if possible.

PSYCHIATRISTS CONTEND that there is only one cure for the subjective damage sustained by a rape victim: obliteration of the memory. But our whole legal process works to prevent such obliteration. First, there must be questioning by skeptical police. Then the victim must appear in court, confront her attacker, describe the intimate details, be cross-examined by a relentless attorney for the defense, and then see the whole story emblazoned in the newspapers. All of which only burns the hateful memory into her mind. The possibility of a recovery becomes remote.

Most demoralizing for the victim is the knowledge that many of her friends will regard her as having been "degraded." And she feels that however some people may pity her or try to help her, her standing has changed in their eyes.

In a recent rape case in a small Massachusetts town, a girl developed

a morbid fear of being seen by anyone she knew. She refused to venture onto the street during daylight. She finally told a psychiatrist that she felt that every time a person looked at her that person reconstructed the crime in his imagination. The girl's only hope for a normal life was to move to a distant community and change her name.

It is difficult to believe, but there are still a very large number of Americans who subscribe to the old folk lore that a victim of rape is sexually ruined and unfit to become a wife or mother. And, paradoxically, many well-meaning people are actually kinder to unmarried mothers than to rape victims. A girl's "mistake" is attributed to youth or to love. But because rape is thought of as a foul, beastly act, these well-meaning people regard the blameless victim of rape as having been defiled in a manner that the willing partner in an illicit affair escapes.

The results of this attitude are tragic in their consequence. Every year hundreds of rapists go scot-free, because in most cases the victim is the only witness to the crime; the only chance of indictment is through her testimony; and in too many cases she prefers to keep quiet. Forty-four percent of these rapists are criminals with police records, yet they go on to make rape the fastest growing crime in the country. According to the FBI, there is a criminal assault every forty-three minutes, day and

night, in the United States, an increase of sixty-two percent over the past ten years.

Despite the fact that the rape victim is often stigmatized, *legally* she is virtuous. But this can actually work to a girl's further disadvantage, as witness a Colorado case.

A Denver paper reported that a girl, raped the previous New Year's Eve, had become a mother. This report was published seven months after the rape which had been widely publicized because the girl's brother had been murdered by the rapist when he tried in vain to protect his sister.

But the story that the girl had borne a child, or had been made pregnant by the rape, was completely unfounded. When the girl sued for libel, the jury found in her favor, but the Colorado Supreme Court reversed the judgment. The court held that the misstatement of motherhood did not constitute defamation of character since "a woman raped against her will is not thereby made unchaste." The false report of a raped girl having given birth, therefore, did not impute lack of virtue to the girl. Even had the birth occurred as the consequence of the assault, it would only mean, in the language of the court, "that mysterious nature had taken its course in that process by which the human race is propagated and continued . . . she may, notwithstanding the outrage committed upon

her, be of unspotted purity. The child in her arms is not the result of her own evil." The court closed its decision by quoting from *Aurora Leigh*: "Man's violence, Not man's seduction, made me what I am."

INCREDIBLY, by publicizing rape victims instead of rape criminals, many newspapers today, by discouraging the victims, are actually contributing to the spread of the crime. This fact was made clear recently by FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, when he called for a program of "education and action" to combat the increase in rape cases. Newspapers, he said, should handle such cases by "pitilessly pointing the spotlight on the offenders and their background while withholding the names of the victims, even when the case is tried in court." He asked that attention be focused on such significant news as where the rapist came from, his past criminal record, and what police or court action was taken in each case.

But editors know that they can sell more papers by writing, not about the criminal, but about the victim, particularly if she happens to be physically attractive or socially prominent.

A New England paper began its report of a rape trial with this paragraph:

"A district court was told today how a tiny art teacher, struggling in the arms of a drunken rapist, ap-

pealed to the man's companion and got the reply: 'Take it easy. Jackie won't hurt you.'" The next paragraph identified the woman and her husband.

Most papers identify all rape victims as either "graceful" or "attractive" blondes or brunettes. It is almost as if the reporters are trying to find extenuating circumstances for the criminals.

A few conscientious newspaper editors are trying to cooperate with the FBI in withholding victims' names. Of the four daily papers in Washington, D. C., only one admits that it still insists on full "freedom of the press" in naming victims. Another of the Washington papers has an absolute rule against publishing the name of a rape victim unless the victim has been killed during the rape.

About a decade ago a movement began in this country to protect "innocent bystanders" from notoriety. Unwed mothers and juveniles are now protected both by law and by practice from publicity, and decency dictates that this same merciful anonymity should be extended to the innocent victim of rape.

How can offending newspapers be made to respect the rape victim? "It's up to the community to force that trend," said one editor. "We're in a transition period; meanwhile some people will get hurt. Newspaper policy depends on the com-

munity." He pointed to St. Louis, where a parents' organization appealed to the city's press to omit names of molested children.

Three states — South Carolina, Georgia, and Wisconsin — have made it illegal to publish the name of a rape victim. But this good law is circumvented when newspapers in bordering states print names and full details.

A second way that has been suggested for protecting rape victims is for the court to withhold the victim's name. In divorce cases involving salacious detail, records can be impounded and withheld from the public on the motion of counsel. The press learns only the result of a divorce action. Or when hearings are held to commit a person to a mental institution, the court has the power to close the proceedings to spare the defendant embarrassment. But none of these safeguards are at present legally permissible in a criminal case such as rape.

Under our American system the rapist is entitled to a fair trial in an open court; he is entitled to be confronted by his accuser; the accuser must be cross-examined; and the press insists on admission to all

such criminal proceedings.

A third method for relief could be for the presiding judge to "request" that names be withheld from publication. In England the judge states that "it is the request of the court that the name remain unprinted," and for the British press this request has the force of law. But the American press is jealous of its freedom. One editor, when asked if he would abide by a similar American practice, said: "We are not prepared to give a judge that much power. The best way to make sure that a name is printed is for a judge to try to withhold it."

PERHAPS THE BEST hope for sparing rape victims lies in some sort of voluntary policing by the press. During the Second War the voluntary censorship on news which might have given aid to the enemy was completely successful.

This press code can come in response to a public demand. And such a public demand can come only when a responsible percentage of the American people rise up and demand justice and compassion for rape victims instead of injustice, unfair publicity, and ostracism.

THE NEW ORTHODOXY



*And the
Decline
of the
Book Business*

ROBERT CANTWELL

IN THE PAST two decades there has been a disturbing break in the continuity of American culture, and the nature of the upheaval is only now becoming clear.

Some of the relevant symptoms are the disappearance of the old publishing houses, the steady transformation of those still in existence, the retirement of the older editors, the introduction of advertising office methods and personnel into editorial offices, and the lessened influence (when they are not closed down altogether) of the literary publications and sections.

Then, as additional signs, consider the respectful critical attention given to ghost-written books, the

injection of press-agentry into scholarship (the Boswell journal, for example), the crude exploitation of themes like psychoanalysis which, in the present treatment, serve to distract from rather than to contribute to understanding of contemporary questions. Also disconcerting are the sudden literary booms and revivals (Kafka, Conrad, James, Ford Madox Ford, etc.) turned on and off like water taps, the elevation by ballyhoo of sophomore first novels to august critical eminence, followed immediately by an equally awesome critical condemnation. We see the market flooded with political books, the contenders killing each other off, the dubious qualities of the incompetent

and dishonest productions lessening the authority and interest of those books that merit attention.

Still another sign of the cultural break is the confusion in standards. "In my youth," John Dos Passos said recently, discussing current criticism, "we had the old stuffies. Today we have the new stuffies. When I look back I prefer the old stuffies who at least had a taste for style. The new stuffies have only their prejudices." In terms of the "machinery" of American trade book publishing, the triumph of the new stuffies is almost complete.

The American experience, moreover, with a few exceptions, seems to have been duplicated in French and British publishing. In France, according to a publisher's service, "the discerning, cultured reading public of before the war seems to have disappeared. It has been replaced by people who rarely buy a book and whose tastes are unknown. Bookstores do not know what to stock; publishers bring out books which nobody reads." In England, according to Alan Ross in *The Forties*, "the age" has turned "short story writers into novelists, poets into prose writers, novelists into script writers, critics into journalists. . . . Books were written by the less talented."

Further detail this general picture and the cultural contribution of the new stuffies becomes somewhat clearer.

First, there is the concerted attack on works which lie outside their "scheme of things" — the sort of assault which Ralph de Toledano described in relation to books on China in the July issue of *THE MERCURY*. These attacks are the work of Communists and fellow-travelers rather than of the new stuffies themselves — who, ordinarily, do not commit themselves so definitely. But they are made possible only by the creation of the new atmosphere of orthodoxy.

The second element is more difficult to get at. It consists in part of the mock profundity, the admiration for the stupefying platitude, for the odd, for the off-balance, for the out-of-focus, for the semi-irrational. This tendency, or preference, can be seen most clearly in their fiction, in which anachronistic or incongruous elements are grafted on to a solid foundation, or realistic details filtered into an unreal plot. It is especially evident in their "highbrow" criticism of hack writers.

Unrestrained, the tendency may reach out even for the consciously freakish, the frozen-faced assertion of the known falsehood, or the nutty irrelevancy, of which the now-classic example is Alger Hiss' request to examine Whittaker Chambers' teeth in order to identify him.

The third element is perhaps the way of life — the house in Connecticut or New Hampshire, the annual trip abroad, the constant elections to

academies, councils and societies, the periodic presentation of awards, degrees, fellowships and grants, the lecture circuit in creative literature each winter, the courses and conferences on novel and short-story writing each summer. Above all, the orientation of publishing, books and literature, as the creative life, the work of people of integrity who care about these things, who are compelled to struggle constantly against the indifference and philistinism of the masses and the commercialism of society — in short, the old 1912 Greenwich Village stance combined now with the briefcase, the lunch club and the sales conference.

IF THESE EFFORTS were commercially successful the victory of the new stuffies over the old might be interpreted as the working of inexorable economic law. But by some unexplained process each “upward step” seems to be accompanied by another decline in sales, followed by rumors of the collapse of the industry.

At the American Booksellers convention in Cleveland last May, the author of a book called *How I Raised Myself from Failure to Success in Selling* addressed the assembled booksellers on the subject of Sales Techniques. Calling for two volunteers, from the audience, he persuaded them to stand on opposite sides of the stage, and shout, “Force yourself to *act* enthusiastic and you will be-

come enthusiastic!” The entire roomful of booksellers rose, pounded their fists, and shouted the slogan in unison.

Laudable as these efforts in behalf of literature doubtless are, they do not seem to be quite what is needed. The mood of depression that extends throughout the publishing industry is deep and genuine. It is present under the surface of the facile enthusiasm of the new stuffies; it affects the subordinate employees of the publishing firms. It is basically an expression of a concern for literary values and leads to the conviction that the entire business has become, or is in serious danger of becoming, anachronistic. And the mood is probably strongest among the booksellers.

Though it seems to have advanced beyond what sales figures warrant, the feeling plainly has a real basis in business conditions. Consider these signs. In the past six months Macmillan, the second largest American firm, has been sold by its British owners. The stock of the Book of the Month Club, formerly closely held, has been listed on the stock exchange, and has forlornly traded at the rate of 200-300 shares a day at about ten dollars. Four firms have combined or gone out of business.

In view of these, and other, dismal developments much attention is currently being paid to book reviewing, and such scrutiny and pondering is proper. There is, plainly,

no point in publishing books if no substantial means exists to convey information about their contents to the book-buying public. There is no way, in addition, to sustain a literature or a cultural tradition without a critical means by which our creative, informational and reflective products may be assessed and discussed. But book reviews are not at all as influential as many assume them to be. Nor is the book business itself, in spite of the self-portrait it sometimes like to draw, exactly what it would like to be.

So far as most books are concerned, the sort of reviews they receive — important as they are in many ways — does not seem to make much difference regarding sales. Sometimes when all the major reviews — the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Saturday Review* and most of the nation's papers — unite in overwhelming praise for some worthy work, it does not sell more than 2,500 copies. And it would probably sell that many, or few, anyway. This is one of the mysteries of the business that remains unexplained.

THE TRUTH IS that the entire field of American book reviewing has almost disappeared. When the old stuffies, with their essays on Matthew Arnold and their recollections of Richard Watson Gilder disappeared, something went with them, a kind of steadiness of approach which invested the making of books (like the

keeping of records) with an innate significance and integrity. Something of unquestioned importance was thrown out along with the portraits of the founder of the firm, the letter of commendation from Theodore Roosevelt, and the framed autographed photo of Mark Twain.

There are now supposedly — according to *Editor and Publisher Year-book* figures — 304 American dailies with book review departments, out of 1,780 dailies. But these are answers-to-questionnaire statistics. Actually, there are only nine dailies on publishers' lists of "A" papers, these being the publications that receive copies of all published books. They are: the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Boston Herald*, *Dallas News*, *Los Angeles News*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *Washington Post*.

There are only a handful of magazines: the *Times Book Review*, *Herald Tribune Books*, the *Saturday Review*, the *New Yorker*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Atlantic*, *Harpers*, the *Nation* and *New Republic*. Beyond these are twenty-odd "B" papers, of the rank of the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, and forty-odd "C" papers, such as the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. There are only a handful of syndicates — about a hundred book departments in all, to review the 11,000-odd books published each year.

Most of them operate with no budget whatsoever. The Publishers Adclub in New York, in connection with a contest for book review sections held last March, received answers like this one from Houston: "There isn't any budget for reviews. Reviewers get no pay." Or from Dayton: "We have no budget for reviews. All are done locally, without remuneration." Some of the largest and wealthiest papers in the country run their book pages with unpaid contributions.

In this context, it seems remarkable not that there are shortcomings in book coverage, but that there are any reviews at all. And it must be said that, in many cases, the reviews in the smaller papers are equal to, or better than, those in the metropolitan dailies. It is difficult to compare the two kinds of book reviewing — and the situation is changing now, as more and more of the metropolitan publishing dignitaries are making excursions into the provinces — but, in general, the reviews in the smaller papers are simpler, less clique-ridden, less pretentious, not so arch or pontifical, with few intra-fraternity jokes and allusions; in short, with less of the dead hand of the new stuffiness upon them.

FOR THE USUAL inaccurate picture of current American publishing which the public has, the publishers themselves are largely responsible. The industry's view of itself is one

of considerable power and influence, fairly prosperous, shrewd and successful behind a facade of benevolent inefficiency. Simultaneously, the industry feels that it is a poor relation, a weakling, a scholar and gentleman, seedy and honest, genteel, one who maintains appearances and performs public services for a pitifully small reward.

At the moment, there is a tendency in publishing circles to emphasize the cultural importance of the business and its economic weaknesses. In the press, however, there appears to be a tendency to stress its economic importance. Statistics on the industry are notoriously hard to come by and are subject to question when they are obtained. But it appears that the products of all book publishers — of all kinds of books: novels, directories, high school annuals, almanacs — amount to about half a billion dollars a year. Economically, book publishing is therefore much less important than horse racing, and more important than heavyweight prize fighting or college basketball. Any moderately successful bestseller grosses more than all but the biggest Madison Square Garden fights, and a single real success earns more than all Citation's races. The industry employs 37,000 people, embraces some six hundred firms, and its total sales increased from \$154 million in 1939 to \$463 million in 1949. The number of books published in the first six

months of 1951 is about ten percent over last year — 5,691 as compared with 5,121 — and business is reportedly about the same.

And yet there is a solid reason for the sense of depression in the industry. The larger firms must now sell 8,000 to 10,000 copies of a novel to break even on it, and in houses with less overhead the figure is still around 5,000. The publishers are not equal to the task. In some cases sales of 10,000 put a book on the bestseller lists. Consequently, 75 percent of the books published by these houses lose money. Also, there is a reason for the sense of weakness in the trade book branch of the industry even in comparatively prosperous seasons. The half-billion dollar total for the industry is misleading. The biggest branch — textbooks — accounts for \$150 million. The twenty-five cent reprints account for about \$50 million. The 40-odd university presses do about \$4-5 million business annually, with the two largest, Columbia and Chicago, accounting for nearly a million dollars each.

Deducting the reference books and religious books and miscellaneous categories, the sales of novels, biographies, travel books, poetry and trade books generally account for about \$90 million. Of the 600 publishing firms, only a hundred do business of more than \$100,000 annually.

Thus, though the industry is large and flourishing, most publishing

houses are small — smaller than the average New York law firm — most books lose money, and the total that is spent each year on all the products of most of the firms is less than the total, say, for comic books (\$70 million).

Sales-wise, even if the conditions which Toledano described were reversed, and the anti-Communist books on China reviewed without partisan bias, or praised, it might not matter much, so long as the present set-up in publishing and reviewing remains. The books would still reach the same small audience, be discussed in the same small group of papers, and sell in about the same numbers.

The essential need is to reach with important and meaningful books the audience — by far the largest audience of all — which does not read new books of any kind, or reviews of any political description. In publishing and reviewing alike it means something like the settlement of the intellectual prairies rather than continued fine-spun answers to the theories of Calhoun, the establishment of free states rather than merely continuing attacks, by groups of expert dialecticians, on the Dred Scott Decision.

ONE OF THE paradoxes of American publishing is that the small firms scattered about the country are potentially more important than is the entire trade-book branch of the industry at present, just as the more

than one thousand daily papers which do not review books are potentially more important in this field than are the hundred or so which do. The 500 small and medium-sized publishing houses (and the 300 which publish fewer than five books a year) are too miscellaneous to be exactly defined, but they have a common characteristic in that their limited means pretty well spares them the high-brow nonsense of the new stuffies.

The Abelard Press, for example, occupies a small, one room office on the fourteenth floor of a Fourth Avenue building in New York, with the bustle of four trade papers surging around it. It is the subsidiary of a firm publishing liquor and jewelry trade magazines. Simmons-Boardman in New York is the book publishing branch of *Railway Age Magazine*. It entered the book business in the 1870's, in order to make material derived from or related to its magazine articles permanently available, branched into reference with a standard work, *The Carbuilders Encyclopedia*, and got into popular books in a mild way a generation ago when a Columbia professor wrote a history of American railroads for his son. Now there are so many railroad fans in the country — about half a million — that the firm is beginning to publish books on model railroading, the first time that a firm with direct access to railroad information has brought out such a work.

The Bookman Associates in the financial district of Manhattan is on the fourteenth floor of a building whose ground floor houses the Isbrandtsen Shipping Company; it is the scholarly half of the Twayne Publishing Company, and tries to concentrate on a field between university press books and trade books — a biography of Henry James, senior, a volume of *The Prayers of John Donne*, a forthcoming reissue of Thomas Benton's *The Artist in America*, in cooperation with the University of Kansas City Press. Floyd Clymer in Los Angeles began publishing books about antique automobiles seven years ago, and has since brought out ninety titles, branching out to automobile racing, motorcycles, early steam traction engines, horse drawn vehicles and Americana, selling by direct mail to about a hundred thousand customers.

Alan Swallow in Denver (The Sage Press), who doubles as director of the University of Denver Press, began by publishing his own books by hand. He now brings out new editions of such works as Janet Lewis' *The Invasion*, and Frank Waters' *The Man Who Shot the Deer*. "We live in a region where there are no book manufacturing plants," he says. "Therefore we are faced, in production, with coordinating the work of several plants, each of which is itself limited in what it can do. Often we produce a book which has been divided into five different processes,

with a different firm contracting for each. We are also in the smallest region for book buying, since about three percent of all the books sold in the country are sold in the Rocky Mountain area." Nevertheless, the University of Denver Press has remained in the black in all but a few months of its four years.

These are representative samples, and much the same sort of report comes from the Dietz Press in Richmond, the Naylor Company in San Antonio, or, the most famous of all the regional firms, the Caxton Printers of Idaho. There are occasional books which make a local stir. But, for the most part, the regional publishers have great difficulty in getting adequate publicity for their books. The Caxton Printers keeps a detailed record of what happens to all review copies it sends out. Noting that 229 review copies brought only 66 reviews the firm reached "the inescapable conclusion that three out of four reviewers must be engaged in affairs of extreme magnitude."

THE FIRM WHICH best exemplifies the difference between the new

order and the old, however, is probably Binford and Mort in Portland, Oregon. Its origins go back to 1891, when Peter and Maurice Binford, orphaned in Indiana, moved to Klickitat County, Washington, to live with their sister and brother-in-law, and subsequently set up their own printing business in Portland with an Excelsior hand press. They published *The Young American*, which, in time, was sufficiently successful to become a weekly. In 1899 they bought a printing company at a sheriff's sale, and in the Thirties began publishing books. Peter Binsford set the first one, *Cathlamet on the Columbia*, by hand. They have since published about 250. None of their books make a big profit, for, since they have no national distribution, they never reach the national best-seller lists. But they bring out about 20 volumes a year, in editions of from 4,000 to 5,000, and 95 percent of all their books pay off, as compared to the inexorable fate that dogs the larger publishers, 75 percent of whose books are now doomed to lose money, a situation which might well inspire soul-searching.

**LETTER
FROM
OKLAHOMA**

*the return of
Prince Rupert*



Otis Durant Duncan

WHEN PRINCE RUPERT, Oklahoma's \$25,000 sterile bull, came home in disgrace from Iowa, he was the maddest bull ever seen in this country. He pawed the ground, bellowed, and roared for weeks. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't induce Iowa heifers to calve. They were frigid from those terrible winters up in that tundra. Nothing can breed in Iowa but Swedes.

Prince Rupert went to Iowa determined to inject some real live Oklahoma bovinity into that fetid atmosphere. He had been promised an air-conditioned, disinfected barn,

with a harem of exciting females. Instead, denied air-conditioning, he was almost overcome by the stench from the hogpens which chiefly characterize Iowa; and the cows furnished him by money-hungry owners were flabby-teated, overbred, old canners and cutters. For a sensitive bull with esthetic tastes, all this was enough to shatter his nervous system.

Oklahoma's Governor Roy Turner, who had sold Prince Rupert into Iowa, is a man of honor, with sympathy for both men and bulls. When he heard that the Prince was accused of being sterile, he telephoned

the Iowa purchasers to crate him up and send him home, and he'd refund the \$25,000 along with all freight charges. That amount of Truman money is chicken feed to an Oklahoman, and to Governor Turner it's not even a respectable tip for a bellhop.

By the time Prince Rupert got home, Governor Turner had a singular experience to celebrate. His term had expired, and he had become perhaps the first man in Oklahoma history to survive a four-year term as governor without some effort being made to impeach him. Therefore, Turner decided to signify his return to private life by inviting all his friends to a barbecue — with Prince Rupert as the *piece de resistance*.

For the honor of barbecuing Prince Rupert, Governor Turner chose a barbecuing legend in Oklahoma named Clay Potts. No other living man can feed as many people in as short a time as Potts. He once barbecued enough steers to feed five thousand hungry Oklahomans, and he had them all eating just twenty-seven minutes after he began serving. When a man can handle a crowd like that, transform it from a mob into a group of contented, munching, purring human beings at the rate of more than a hundred a minute, he's a valuable man to have around.

Clay Potts, at first, balked at barbecuing Prince Rupert. "I got principles," he told Turner. "I'll barbe-

cue a steer quicker'n you can bat an eye, but a bull ought not to be barbecued." Turner persisted, however, and Potts finally converted the Prince into barbecue, but he says he's sorry he did it because "that bull had the pitiablest expression on his face a man ever seen." Nobody knows whether the Prince was so sad because he had to die or because he was an outcast from Iowa society.

After Potts had spitted the Prince, he was summoned to Washington by Oklahoma's senior senator, Bob Kerr. Kerr wanted to show Washington what an Oklahoma-style barbecue is like. So he called Potts and said, "Brother Potts" — Kerr is a Baptist and so is Potts — "Brother Potts, I want you to come to the nation's capital and demonstrate how real folks live. We're going to have a gollywhopping barbecue, and we're going to invite all the Democrats and show 'em a good time. Them that ain't Democrats and them that ain't Baptists, we'll let 'em stand on the sidelines and watch us."

That is the only way it could have been because a Baptist will not eat with anybody else, and a Democrat will divide only with another Democrat.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT Oklahoma produces the best of everything, and it will not be long before Oklahoma will have more lakes than Minnesota. Oklahomans are industrious, and they build dams

across their gullies and make their lakes. The Minnesotans are lazy when it comes to making lakes. They sat right there for thousands of years and did not dig a single lake, waiting for the glaciers to melt so the lakes would be formed naturally. If Oklahoma waited for things to be done that way, it would be as backward as Minnesota. Oklahoma people are naturally energetic. If they do not have what they want, they make it, or they go where they can get it.

Oklahomans are the "educated-est" people in the world, too. It is a fact. The United States Census has not enumerated a single illiterate person in Oklahoma since 1930, or if it has, there have been too few to make a fuss over. Education is improving in Oklahoma at the rate of a whole grade a year. It is impossible to hold people back when they are that thirsty for education, although they may have some difficulties once in a while.

Back in the 1870's, the Bureau of Ethnology sent an army general out from Washington to see if there were any Indians living in Oklahoma, and, if so, he was told to find out how long they had been in the territory. That was a sufficiently important mission to justify the use of a whole general, and it kept him out of the President's hair for about three years. When he got back to Washington, this general reported that there were a few Indians living in Oklahoma, but all of them had

moved in recently. He then declared, the way old generals do, that "There are not now, and the evidences are that there never have been any pre-Columbian Indians domiciled in the Territory of Oklahoma." That was printed in a book, thousands of copies of which were sent out by congressmen for campaign thunder. It stood up for sixty years as an officially authenticated, thoroughly verified, and indisputable fact before anyone found out anything to the contrary.

Uncle Bill Baker, a man who by his own admission and insistence never had any schooling beyond the third grade, is the man who finally proved that Oklahoma once fed many prehistoric, and hence pre-Columbian, Indians of highly advanced cultures. Uncle Bill Baker is a tall, angular, nut-brown, weather-beaten, behandle-barred, white-hatted, high-booted old westerner who looks as if he might have staked out the country when they decided to civilize it. He is a man who loves nature, who has an insatiable hunger for knowledge, a hard-headed sense of honor and duty, a boundless amount of energy, an eye like an eagle, and just plain old common sense, one of the rarest qualities of human kind in this world of crack-brained do-gooders.

During the dust bowl years, 1934-1937, Uncle Bill spent his Sundays, holidays, and any spare time he had out on the plains. As the scraping

winds rapidly blew away the plowed soil, there were easily found piles, or deposits, of primitive arrowheads, spear points, mortars, pestles, bone and stone knives, axes, and various other artifacts. Uncle Bill staked these deposits, called in geologists, archeologists, botanists, and anthropologists, and took them to the spots where the remains were. Thus, he identified, classified, verified, and systematized everything he found. He located salt beds that had been worked clean, buffalo wallows with bones in which were still lodged arrowheads that had been shot in prehistoric ages. He found petrified corn pollen, parched grains and ears of corn, and other forms of organic matter preserved by the processes of nature, often mysterious to men. These things proved that pre-Columbian Indians had lived in Oklahoma at varying times between 1500 and 25,000 years ago, to the embarrassment of the United States government and to the astonishment of scientists.

At first, Uncle Bill had difficulty in getting scientists to hear him, but once he began to dent their pithecanthropean skulls they came to him in droves. The University of Pennsylvania invited him to bring samples of his specimens, of which he has over ten thousand, and to give a series of lectures on its campus. He went, and everything was fine until one day he got wind that the University was trying to trap him. He

had been voted the honor of the degree of Doctor of Science. The date for making the award was set, and he was being banqueted gloriously. Someone made a mistake and left his nest unguarded, and when he was to have been called to the platform and given "the surprise of his life," he showed up over in New York taking in the wonders of Manhattan.

I asked, "Uncle Bill, why did you not let them make you into a Doctor of Science?"

"Humpf!" he replied. "I'm no Doctor of Science or of anything else, and they know it. I just found those Indian relics, and anyone could have done that." Then, after a moment of deliberate reflection, he continued, "I don't mind telling you this, for I know you'll understand. The University of Pennsylvania did not care whether or not I ever got a doctor's degree. They thought they would obligate me to them, and maybe I'd will 'em my collection. No sir! I'm not letting them or anyone else get that collection. That is my son's when I'm gone."

That is the way Oklahoma people are. Those who have only a third grade education are world authorities on whatever they claim to know, and they are getting smarter and smarter all the time. Not many of us are as bright as Uncle Bill Baker, and nowhere can one find his exact equal as a man. He is a corporeal demonstration of what steady hard work can do.

WHEN PEOPLE THINK of Oklahoma as a wild, uncultured, half-civilized place, they are wrong. A good many years ago, a Bohemian peasant boy, Bohumil Makovsky, followed a carnival into Oklahoma with a clarinet in his hand. He liked the place, stopped, and began teaching music. He developed bands in about every village high school, in all the colleges in Oklahoma, and in many other places throughout the whole country, that is, through his students and his work. He brought band directors in from far and wide, conducted clinics, had them try out before the big name band leaders who came from every direction on the compass. When he died in 1950, it was said by people supposed to know that there was more appreciation of music per city block in Oklahoma than per square mile in any other state.

If Oklahoma had never done anything else worth mentioning, having produced Will Rogers (the Great Will Rogers) was enough to justify its place in the sun. Men of his calibre do not grow up in barren environments. If he had not been great before leaving Oklahoma, California would never have taken him in. Of course, every time Oklahoma has an election, enough men named "Will Rogers" spring up out of the ground

to form an army, all of them trying to capitalize upon the famous name in vote getting. Two of them have been elected.

Oklahoma's love for literature, art, and education is as great as that for the music of Makovsky and the humor of Will Rogers, although it may not be associated often with as distinguished personalities as they were. All the fine arts, as well as literature, have their patrons and their producers in Oklahoma. And what other state has invented a workable alphabet for a language? An Oklahoma Indian named Sequoyah did that for the Cherokees. What other state has produced a George Milburn? What state produced a William Henry "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, colonizer of the Bolivian jungles, farmer, Congressman, sage, governor, author, lawyer, historian, enemy of bureaucracy, and writer of a political constitution?

Two thousand years from now, when the present age becomes known as The Age of Classic Art, Oklahoma productions will be among the most valuable.

There is greatness and pride in Oklahoma. We are the youngest state, culturally, in the Union, but in the crises of our times, Oklahomans can be counted on to work and pray and keep our powder dry.

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★ **a Mercury satire** ★

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*This Is
Liberation*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★

★ **W. R. CHU** ★

★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

With "This Is Liberation," THE MERCURY introduces W. R. Chu to American readers. Born and college-educated in China, he was a member of the Chinese Air Force in World War II. He was assigned to work for General Chennault when the American air hero organized the Flying Tigers, and was also attached to the 14th USAAF before being sent to the U. S. in 1942 for additional training. He returned to China in 1947 and served as a captain on Formosa in 1948. At present he is a graduate student at Mills College, Oakland, California. He has traveled in China, Japan, South Korea, India and New Zealand.

THE Communist troops were moving into the town of Chungyang. Ragged and dirty troops, troops in shapeless uniforms, troops without uniforms, troops with Chinese equipment, troops with Japanese equipment, troops with Russian equipment, troops with sandals, troops moving along on bare feet . . .

"We want no bloodshed," proclaimed the Communists, "and we want no destruction. If the Nationalists are determined to stand in our way, it will only mean the destruction of the lives and property of the people."

Listen to the fortune-tellers! There are now an unusual number in the town. "The Nationalists' rule will come to an end on the thirty-eighth year. Then the Communists will become the masters of China. It is the will of Heaven."

The Communists, backed by cannon, backed by the will of Heaven, became increasingly popular. The Nationalists pulled out of the town in silence.

In the University there had been no classes for two days. Most of the students remained at school, and

paid little attention to what was transpiring outside. They were, for the most part, neither Nationalists nor Communists, and were only concerned with their studies and their rice. Since the Japanese invasion the rice shortage had caused an unprecedented crisis in education. The government had therefore decided to give free rice to those students who couldn't pay their way through school. Faced with defeat and bankruptcy, however, the government was no longer punctual in its issue. Once, during an extreme shortage, the students were given millet, which is only fit for animals. The students went on a hunger strike.

No one on the campus could forget how awful the millet tasted, and no one failed to remember that the hunger strike had been led by Chen Fo. He worked selflessly, had posters printed; he harangued until he had no voice. For three days and nights he campaigned without food or sleep.

There had been rumors that he was a Communist, but he had vigorously denied the charge, saying that the accusation was spread by his enemies. But now it began to seem

as if the rumors were well-founded. Immediately after the Communists arrived, several important party members came to look for him. They arrived in black sedans. Chen Fo was soon to be observed in Communist uniform, obsequiously serving as guide for the new personages. He was suddenly a man of considerable authority. His notices began to appear on the campus, first on the students' bulletin board, then on the Dean's, and finally even on the President's. Soon it became a routine for the students to read his bulletins every morning.

The students were still living on the rice issued by the Nationalist Government. But there was scarcely three days' supply left. They began to worry. Would the new government give them rice? They sought out Chen Fo. Could he tell them?

Chen Fo was aware of their anxieties. He announced that an urgent meeting would be held to discuss the rice problem. This welcome news traveled so quickly that long before the scheduled hour, every student had gathered in the auditorium.

The students noticed that Sun Yat Sen's portrait no longer hung alone above the speaker's table. The long-haired moon-face of Mao Tse-tung and his two Russian comrades, Lenin and Stalin, had been added.

Chen Fo came forward to address the student body: "Fellow students, comrades," he began, "first of all, as chairman of this meeting. I have the

honor to introduce to you, Comrade Kwei, our political director. Comrade Kwei is assigned by the Chinese Communist Party to our university to direct all our future activities."

Comrade Kwei, a big stocky man of about thirty-five, dark complexioned with bushy eyebrows, slowly stood up. He bowed casually to the audience.

Chen Fo raised both hands over his head, and clapped vigorously. The students clapped automatically, and politely.

"Now, we begin our discussion," said Chen Fo. "This meeting is being held in order to decide in a true, democratic way what course we should take concerning our rice problem.

"Comrades, now we are liberated." He took in the audience, his eyes roving about the auditorium. "Liberated from the Kuomintang tyranny and American imperialism. But we, the patriotic students of this university, have done nothing to demonstrate our gratitude to the great People's Liberation Army, who gave us our freedom.

"Comrades, the war of liberation continues. Annihilation of the reactionary Kuomintang bandits is still ahead. But news has come to us that our heroic warriors at the front have no rice to eat. Yet our People's Government insists upon providing us with free rice. The rice will be of better quality than that issued by the reactionary Kuomintang Gov-

ernment. The quantity for each student will be greater, and the issue will be more punctual . . ."

Chen Fo let the words sink in. Then he pointed his finger accusingly at the audience. He spoke slowly and deliberately. "But, fellow students—" another pause—"do we have the heart," he pointed to his own, "to eat the rice while our heroic warriors who liberated us are eating millet?"

"I am sure," he declared firmly, "that every one of you agrees with me that it is time we did something to help the liberation. I am sure that all of you agree with me that we can contribute to our cause by requesting the People's Government to give us millet instead of rice, so that our heroic warriors will have enough to eat, so that the war of liberation will not fail because of our greed."

"Under the democratic People's Government, we decide everything by vote. Now, those in favor of this motion please raise your hands."

Four hands, belonging to students in Communist uniforms, went up quickly. Some tense moments later, five more timid hands were raised. A few more moments passed. Two more. Chen Fo couldn't believe his eyes. Eleven hands out of a gathering of more than two hundred!

"Fellow Students, comrades . . ." The Political Director halted Chen. Flushed and angry, Comrade Kwei lectured the inefficient chairman with violent gestures. When the

pantomime was concluded, Chen Fo, reassured, again came forward.

"Fellow students, I am ashamed that I didn't make myself clear to you about our sacred duty of helping the glorious liberation." Then he repeated over and over again his earlier plea. When he was reasonably certain that Comrade Kwei's "fatigue tactics" had produced its effect, Chen Fo concluded his two-hour speech saying: "Comrades, I am sure that we will never be so greedy as to let our People's Government issue rice to us at a time when our warriors at the front have not enough to eat. I know everyone here wants to vote again. I am sure that we will vote unanimously to ask our generous government to give us millet. I know everyone in this liberal, anti-imperialist university is anxious to set a good example to all the students in our nation!"

More hands came up this time. Chen counted anxiously. There were thirty-five.

"Fellow students, raise your hands!" Six more hands.

"Comrades!" cried Chen desperately.

Four more. And that was all.

Comrade Kwei, observing the proceedings with glum disapproval, now abruptly stood up. He brushed aside the helpless chairman, and lunged to the front of the platform.

"Students! You must simply understand that you are now liberated. You must bear in mind that you are

now living under the democratic People's Government. Under the reactionary Kuomintang, it was proper for you to insist upon rice. It was your duty to waste as much rice as you could to hasten the bankruptcy and downfall of the Kuomintang rule. But now, the rice belongs to the People's Government, to the people, to YOU! You should save every bit of it for the front. Under the democratic People's Government, it is your privilege to vote. I will give you one more chance. This will be your last chance to vote!"

Every hand was up. Chen Fo proudly announced that the result was one hundred percent for the motion.

In the *People's Daily News*, now the town's only newspaper, it was reported that the patriotic students of the Central China University had voted ninety-nine percent in favor of demanding that the government issue them millet.

AMONG THE FACULTY members, Dr. Chao Tung was the best known and most admired on the campus. He had received his degree from Harvard in 1927, before returning to China. By that time, the Nationalists had conquered the various warlords and established the Central Government. The Communists were driven into a few mountain strongholds, and their Russian advisers were packing for home, considering

their cause lost. National unity was achieved, and the people's standard of living was steadily rising. The future seemed reasonably bright.

The Government planned feverishly for the industrialization and westernization of China. There was an urgent need for men, men trained in the West, to fill vital positions. Dr. Chao had many friends in the Government. He received many offers. Following the tradition of his academic family, however, he politely rejected the offers, and took up teaching at the Central China University.

In 1937, came the Japanese invasion, and the first interruption in his uneventful career. He and his family joined the mass exodus of professors and students to inland Szechwan. There, they set up the school again in makeshift bamboo buildings.

War brought him hardship. His income was less than a rickshaman's. He lived in a damp mud hut with his family, consisting of his wife, his son Li, a freshman at the university, and his daughter Yung. Each morning he and his son carried water from the river for cooking and washing. Soon, his son and a group of other students volunteered for the air force, and were sent to the United States for training. After graduation, they were assigned as pilots to the Chinese-American Wing. His son was killed in action just before the end of the war.

Professor Chao was an exhausted

man when he returned with the school after the victory. His hair was now all white, and his steps were no longer brisk. He lived in a rented house with his wife and daughter, the latter now a sophomore at the Central China University.

He stayed on when the Communists came. He did not worry about his safety or that of his family. Even the warlords of the old days never bothered the "honorable" teaching profession.

There hadn't been any classes since the Communists took over. The students, under the direction of Comrade Kwei, spent all their time attending anti-imperialistic meetings and parades. Dr. Chao was glad to have a few days to work in his unpretentious garden.

One afternoon when he had just finished his garden chores and was planning to relax and smoke his pipe, a special messenger came to his house with a letter. It was from the Office of the Political Director.

He tore open the envelope and began to read.

"It is urgently brought to the attention of the Political Director that a large number of professors in this university are found to be harboring dangerous, reactionary and imperialistic thought. It is to the utmost interest of the people that this tendency be immediately corrected by this office."

"What does all this rigamarole mean?" muttered the Professor.

"... the following named professors are hereby notified to report at the appointed time without fail . . ."

He began to understand. His name headed the list.

Professor Chao appeared at the Office of the Political Director as calm and composed as if he were stepping into a classroom to give a lecture. Having imbibed Confucianism in his childhood, and Western philosophy in his youth, and the more abstract Eastern metaphysics in his maturer years, he was not easily upset.

"Good morning, Professor." Confronting him was Chen Fo.

Dr. Chao remembered the young man as one of his not-too-bright students who had to drop out of his class in "Introduction to Philosophy."

Chen Fo had been for some time an admirer of the professor's daughter, Yung. He hadn't been able to attract her attention by his scholarship, which was somewhat below average. Nor could he impress her by his athletic activities, having no talent in that field. These deficiencies led him directly to the joining of the Communist Party, which cultivated as many discontented and frustrated souls as it could find. When the Communists took over the school, Chen considered his opportunity to have come. He advised the Political Director to include the Professor in

the group slated for re-education, thus providing him with an excuse to visit the professor's home and to see Yung. Now a passing sense of shame seized him as he stood before the aging scholar.

"Sir, my name is Chen Fo. I was in your class last semester. I am sorry I didn't complete it because of my party work. I am now assistant to the Political Director."

"Very well," said the Professor. "I received a notice."

"Yes, I know. Come in with me please." Chen now felt more at ease. "Professor, this is Comrade Kwei, the Political Director." After this brief introduction, Chen Fo hastened out.

"Very glad to know you, Dr. Chao." The Comrade shook hands with the scholar. "I am appointed by the Communist Party to supervise in general the administration and the curriculum of the school, and, in particular, the thought and activities of both the faculty and the students."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the Professor, "you must be a man endowed with super-human energy!"

"Thank you," the Comrade coughed uneasily. "Since my arrival on the campus I regret to find that many professors are apathetic about our glorious liberation. Therefore, I considered it necessary that they should be re-educated before being allowed to participate in our new, liberal, and anti-imperialist faculty."

"All right," said the Professor coldly. "May I ask, my dear sir, why I have the honor to be one of the elect for this enlightenment?"

With affected composure, Comrade Kwei picked up a dossier from his desk.

"Your record shows that you were graduated from Harvard in 1927."

"Yes?"

"That proves you had an imperialistic education."

"I still don't see your point. Kindly explain."

"Well, Harvard is an imperialistic university because it is in an imperialistic nation. England, you'll recall, tried to sell opium to us to poison our people. When we destroyed their opium, they declared war upon us. They bombarded our cities, killed our people, and grabbed Hong-kong from us. They forced us, with their cannons and war-ships, to smoke their opium. Can you deny, Dr. Chao, that you didn't have an imperialistic education? You who were graduated from a school in England?"

"You are a very good historian, Comrade." The Professor spoke in the tone he used for praising students. "But if you don't mind my correcting you, and stating a fact, Harvard is and has been in the United States since it was founded."

"In the United States?" The Comrade was momentarily stunned, but he recovered quickly. "Worse, much worse!" He frowned. "I am

really sorry for you. Don't you know that the United States is the greatest enemy of the peace-loving Soviet Union?"

"Does it therefore mean that the United States is the greatest enemy of China?"

"Of course," shouted the Comrade. He began to recite one of his many memorized directives: "... When the Chinese Communists led our nation in a life-and-death struggle with the Japanese aggressors, the United States helped them slaughter our people by selling them gasoline and bombs. But when the Japanese and the Nazis turned around and attacked the United States, it was the Soviet Union that saved her from defeat . . . However, when the Soviet and the Chinese had won the victory after tremendous sacrifices, the U. S. Government, under orders of the Wall Street war-mongers, sent their armed forces to hinder our glorious liberation. American imperialism is the greatest enemy to our liberation and world peace. Down with the Wall Street capitalists! Down with American imperialism!" The excited Comrade made his hand into a tight fist, and let it fall heavily on the desk.

The Professor began to understand the futility of arguing with a Communist. He could not help, however, being amused by the irony of the situation. Many of his American friends were ardent admirers of the Chinese Communists. They wrote

books and articles in which the Communists were presented to the American public as agrarian reformers and town-meeting democrats, while their monstrous atrocities and ruthlessness were sadly overlooked.

The professor's queer smile and prolonged silence made the Comrade suspicious. It wouldn't be easy to handle a man like Dr. Chao. Comrade Kwei knew all the Communist tactics, however. He adopted a different course. He attempted to make the Professor talk.

"Of course I have never visited the United States and, Dr. Chao, you are the person who can give me some accurate information. I can't understand why the United States should help the reactionary Kuomintang, and continue to be hostile to our People's Government."

"In my opinion, the United States doesn't want to have anything to do with our civil strife," replied the scholar. He felt sorry for people like Comrade Kwei, who were without the ability to see beyond their mental iron curtain.

"Can this be true?" asked the Comrade, insincerely.

"For instance," said the Professor, "the recent U. S. White Paper even denounced the Nationalist Government as a corrupt and reactionary regime which had lost the support of its troops and people, and lost faith even in itself. In fact, the Paper was issued when the Nationalist forces were rallying for a last ditch stand

in Southern China. Its effect on the morale of the Nationalist Government and its troops was tremendous!

"The White Paper," continued Dr. Chao, "actually amounts to a declaration to all the world of the withdrawal of any support of the Nationalist Government by the United States, currently the strongest nation of the world. As a result —"

"So you think the United States, dictated by a few Wall Street capitalists, is stronger than the peace-loving Soviet Union, backed by all her people!" The Comrade was shouting now. "Of course, since you were educated in the United States, and your son was trained in the U. S. Army, you are naturally sympathetic with the United States."

"My son died for his country! I think any man still alive should feel ashamed for criticizing a person who gave his life for his country, and your country, too, sir!" the scholar roared with righteous anger. "I am a Chinese. I don't care whether the United States is stronger than the Soviet Union or vice versa. It is true that I did study for four years in the United States, but there is a difference between education and indoctrination. Now, sir," he was regaining his calm, "all this is nonsense. As an old acquaintance of your Chairman Mao, I intend to ask him what all this nonsense means. Yes, I will do that. When I was a student at Peking University, Mao

Tse-tung was a mere clerk in the library."

Comrade Kwei was then painfully made to understand why Confucius once said that a scholar is a person whom no authority can subdue, no money can buy, and no destitution can change. And the way in which the Professor spoke of great Chairman Mao as plain Mao Tse-tung utterly confounded Comrade Kwei. He was almost grateful when Chen Fo suddenly appeared at the door.

"Comrade Kwei, I am sorry to interrupt you. The time is up, and the next professor will be here soon." Chen Fo, who had been eavesdropping, had been worried that a serious quarrel would ensue. "I have the books here." The assistant deposited a few books on the desk.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Comrade Kwei smiled unnaturally. "Dr. Chao, I am sorry our time is up. Here are five books prescribed by the Party for you to read. It's just regulation, you know. I have been assigned by the Party to be the head of the Department of Philosophy. So, Dr. Chao, we'll be colleagues soon," said the Comrade, now anxious to please. "Oh, I forgot to tell you that I also majored in philosophy. I graduated from the anti-Japanese University at Yen-an in 1938."

"I have heard of your school. A bachelor's degree in six months!"

"But we worked so hard," protested Kwei, rather embarrassed by this blunt remark. "At least three

times harder than in an ordinary university."

"All you had to do was to sing anti-Japanese songs and hold party meetings!" The Professor was almost scolding.

"Besides what the other students had to do," the Comrade said, "I had to take a special course called, 'Marxism-Leninism as Interpreted by Chairman Mao.' Anyway, I am sorry we don't have more time. Here are your books. You can keep them as long as you wish. I am looking forward to working with you as colleagues in the Department of Philosophy."

"That will indeed be interesting."

DR. CHAO AND his family were having breakfast. As usual, he opened his morning papers, and glanced over them quickly. Suddenly, a notice caught his eye, and he began to read it aloud to his family.

"Dr. Chao Tung, famous professor of the Central China University, confessed his past mistakes in teaching the students bourgeois and imperialistic philosophy. Said he, 'Since I began studying Chairman Mao's books, I feel like a blind man suddenly seeing light.' Dr. Chao urged every young man to read the life story of Chairman Mao, whom he considers the greatest man in Chinese history."

He handed the paper to his wife, and commented:

"Under the reactionary Nationalist Government, we didn't have freedom of speech. But under the 'democratic' People's Government, *we are even denied the freedom of silence!*"

The morning was cold and cheerless. He stood up and looked with disgust at the dead ashes in the fireplace. He tucked his hands in his sleeves, and walked listlessly back and forth over the length of the room. He was thinking of the days when the fireplace was roaring with flame, and he could sit close to it and read comfortably all morning.

"Can we find something with which to make a little fire?"

"We have only two days' supply of wood left for cooking," his wife said unhappily.

"Oh, well —" Suddenly, the Professor's eyes fell upon the books he had brought back from the Comrade's office. "I know how to make a fire!" His eyes brightened with childlike mischievousness. "Yung, bring me those books."

"But father —"

"That's all right."

He sat down near the fireplace with the books. *Marxism-Leninism as Interpreted by Chairman Mao . . . The Life Story of Chairman Mao*. He picked up a book and looked at the fat face on the cover. *The Long March . . . The New Democracy*. Good enough to make a little fire! He scratched a match.

"Father, maybe they will examine

you on these books," said Yung uneasily.

"Worry about your own examinations. I am already sixty, and you may consider a man of my age as through with any kind of examination."

He put the match to the books, and watched with satisfaction as the red tongues of the flame curled about the bloated face of the Communist dictator and relentlessly ate it up.

"Thanks to Chairman Mao, now we have a fire!" A triumphant smile flickered on his face.

Just then, there was a loud and urgent knock at the door.

The family reacted like a flock of alarmed birds. Yung poured a bowl of rice porridge on the smouldering face of Chairman Mao. Mrs. Chao came with a big tray, and threw it over the smoking remains. The professor opened the door; he was surprised to find an old man standing outside.

"Hush," whispered the stranger. "There are Communist secret police on every street corner. Let me in."

The voice sounded familiar. As soon as the old man was in, his wig and beard dropped to the floor.

"Fong, my boy," the professor shouted with joy, "What a skillful disguise!"

"Without these things, I would never have been able to come." The young man smiled proudly. He was one of the students who had joined

the air force with Dr. Chao's son.

"We have been worried about you. We were afraid that you and your friends were now in some concentration camp. I am so glad that you are safe. Where have you been?"

"It's a long story, sir," he sighed. "But first, may I see Mrs. Chao and Yung?"

He was led into the dining room. Mrs. Chao was overjoyed to see him. Since her son's death she had considered Fong as a son.

... Fong told what had happened to him:

"Our first round of battle against Communism is lost!" he sighed. "For several years, we have been launching steady attacks upon the Communist students who want Soviet Russia to control China. We became the bitterest enemy of Chen Fo and his gang. When the Communist army came, we knew that their concentration camps, modeled after their Soviet master's, were no pleasant place for us. So we tried to escape. Luckily about fifty miles from here there is a place to go. It is connected with the outside only by a dangerous stream. The river bed is full of sharp rocks. It is only navigable in early spring. Without the help of the natives, no one can hope to reach the place through fifty miles of treacherous rapids. One of our friends is a native of this place. Just before the coming of the Communists, he sent a message home to have three boats ready to take us there. It

is a small place with a population of about six thousand. In the past, because of its unusual position, no government ever tried to attain control over it. The natives are still living a kind of primitive farming life."

"But what can you do in such a small place?"

"Since our arrival, the natives have become very much interested in us. They asked us to establish schools for them. They wanted us to teach them everything about government, science, medicine. The whole place is now filled with excitement. After a hurried conference, it was agreed that we should ask you to come to supervise our work. We need you urgently, sir. Can you pack your things, and have your family ready this evening? The boat that brought me down is waiting."

"I'm going," replied Dr. Chao resolutely. "Any place not under Communist rule is a paradise to me. I love to live and work with young people, and I am very much interested in what you are going to do. We might as well go," said he to his family, "while we still can."

He had hardly finished speaking when there was another knock at the door.

"Go into our attic," said Mrs. Chao to Fong.

"I'll show you the way," said Yung.

The two young people sat in the little attic.

"I have been so worried about you, Fong. I knew you didn't get along with Chen Fo and the other Communists on the campus. You always looked down upon them and openly belittled them." Her voice was partly scolding.

"How could I help it, Yung?" said Fong. "During the war, every student left school to fight the Japanese. But Chen Fo and his little Communist stooges stayed behind like cowards, trying to save China by singing anti-Japanese songs and holding subversive meetings, and following strictly their stinking party policy of twenty percent fighting the Japanese, thirty percent fighting the Government, and fifty percent expansion. Yes, I despise them, every one of them! On the other hand," said Fong with a smile, "Chen wouldn't be friendly to me, anyway."

"Why?" she asked innocently.

"Because of you."

"Let's don't talk about the Communists." She blushed. "Tell me something about the place we are going to."

"A small, green valley among beautiful mountains. Many of our friends are already there, and more will join us. There, everybody will have absolute freedom to follow his own pursuit. You will like it there, Yung."

"This will be our second trip together to safety. Remember when we made that trip on foot to Sze-

chwan with the Japanese closely behind us? So many things have happened since then. You and my brother joined the air force and were sent to the United States for training. Then my poor brother died in the war . . . Your letters from the States — I still keep them.”

“Yung!”

“And the pictures you sent me — pictures of your American friends, and the places you saw. They are so precious.”

“Yes,” said Fong thoughtfully, “it is a great privilege to see another country. During the war, thousands of Americans came here, and thousands of Chinese went there for training. We made friends with each other; exchanged ideas. The Americans are a great people, sincere and full of goodwill toward everybody . . . It seemed like a new approach toward a true and lasting friendship between our two nations based upon the friendship of individual citizens. But the political weather there suddenly changed. We were regarded as too imperfect. We were blamed, denounced, left to the greediness of Communist world expansion. With what heart-breaking regret we and our American friends, who shared our views in their letters, saw this friendship, started with such promise, come to an end. It shows that the people are still so helpless. Now,” continued Fong with a bitter smile, “after complacently watching a friend and an ally

fall under Communist imperialism, the politicians there have suddenly become eager to offer their friendship to us again through the Voice of America — an inconceivably harder way!”

She sighed and was silent. “But we are not going to lose our hope,” she finally said.

“You are right, Yung. You are a brave girl. I have known you since you were little. Now you have grown up to be a brave and beautiful girl.”

She blushed deeply.

CHEN FO PUT ON his new woolen uniform. He combed his hair carefully.

He felt he was entitled to visit the Professor. He had just done him a great favor. Comrade Kwei had decided to report the Professor to higher headquarters and request instructions. It was then that Chen Fo swore to Comrade Kwei that the Professor could be won over to the party if treated leniently. After all, the Professor was a well-known scholar in the nation, and would be a great asset to the party. He personally pledged for the Professor. Finally, the Comrade agreed to drop the matter.

It was several blocks to Chen's destination. The streets were full of soldiers. Some of them loitered in the middle of the street, gazing admiringly at the tall buildings and the big empty store windows. Others sat on the sidewalks. On every street

corner, peddlers hawked cheap fountain pens and wrist watches. Among the civilians, the well-dressed had entirely disappeared. Those who couldn't avoid going out had wisely bought coolie clothes, and liberally greased and soiled them before putting them on. Because of the great public demand, coolie clothes sold for three times as much as silk gowns or western suits of imported woolen material. The few over-crowded buses had stopped running to conserve fuel. There were no cars on the streets except the big black limousines belonging to the high party members. At the street intersections, there were rows and rows of empty rickshas, plastered with the Communist posters.

Chen Fo felt that as a member of the Party, he ought not to lose contact with the laboring class. He stopped before one of the rickshamen who was sitting in his cab with a doleful look on his pinched face.

"Comrade," said Chen, "how's business now?"

The man eyed him askance, then answered unhappily: "Oh, not so good, not so good, sir. Haven't had a customer for three days."

"How come?" asked Chen sharply. "The People's Government has raised the ricksha fare. Besides, you are now liberated. You belong to the ruling class of the new People's Republic. You should be much happier now."

The man was certain that his questioner was a party member, and

thought it wiser not to say anything.

"Your liberation makes people afraid to ride our rickshas," a second ricksha-man cut in angrily. "Now, we can't even get a single customer in a whole week. What's the use of being the ruling class if we can't get our bellies filled?"

Chen looked hard at the man, but the man continued defiantly:

"I have a family of five to feed!"

Chen started to walk along. He could still hear the man sneering: "This is liberation, ha! I, for one, would rather not be liberated."

Chen frowned unhappily. "These men are born slaves. They don't understand the meaning of sacrifice." He spat contemptuously. "Well, the mass just have to be educated."

Chen Fo sat down very tense and stiff in the chair offered by the Professor. He felt warm and uncomfortable in his new uniform.

"Dr. Chao, do you mind my coming to visit you?"

"Visitors are always welcome in my house," replied the Professor graciously.

"I didn't have any chance to visit you. The Party kept me busy all the time." The young man began to feel at ease. "I am very much interested in philosophy. When you start teaching again, I want to take all your courses and study hard. I want to be a philosopher, Dr. Chao," Chen Fo said determinedly.

"I am very glad to know that. In fact, everybody is a philosopher. Everybody has a philosophy of his own. For instance, you can teach me your philosophy."

"That's true. Oh yes, I know the philosophy of Marx and Lenin. I have read Chairman Mao's interpretation three times already," Chen declared proudly. "By the way, how about those books? Aren't they great?"

"They are very useful."

"I am so glad you think so. I am going to let Comrade Kwei know. Sir, I think I better tell you something," said Chen, lowering his voice. "The Comrade thought —"

"What did he think?" said the Professor, slightly irritated.

"Now this is confidential. The Comrade was quite worried about you. He thought that since you had studied in the United States, and had many American friends, it would be unsafe to let you go around unsupervised. This morning he revealed to me that he was considering taking action."

"Yes?" The Professor was alarmed.

"But I talked him out of it. I told him I knew you very well, and you were not an imperialist. I even told him I would vouch for you."

"Did you?"

"Sure I did."

"Chen, I wish you hadn't."

"I did already. And I wouldn't mind doing it again for you."

"That's very kind."

"I wonder if Yung is home?" Chen suddenly asked.

"Yes, she is."

"May I see her for a minute?"

"I am afraid not," said the father slowly. "She doesn't feel very well."

"But it is something very important," persisted the young man. "You see, the Communist Party is recruiting new members. I believe Yung would make a good leader. I think I should tell her personally."

"I will tell her all about it."

"Do you think she will be interested?" asked Chen Fo eagerly.

"I really don't know."

"Maybe I'll drop in again tomorrow."

"If you wish."

". . . More than anything else, we need female members. They are especially valuable in obtaining information from our enemies, in checking on the loyalty of our own members," recited the Comrade, walking back and forth with his hands clasped behind him.

"Yes," said Chen. "This morning I went to see my girl friend . . ."

"You have a girl friend?"

"Yes, I went to ask her to join the party."

"She isn't a member yet?" asked the Comrade with unusual interest, finding a chair.

"No, but she is going to join."

"Tell me about your girl, Chen."

The Comrade pulled his chair closer.

"Well," Chen stammered, "she is

the sweetest, the prettiest, and the cleverest girl on the campus. She is a student of music. She plays the piano and sings beautifully. She is just wonderful. "Now," he protested, seeing that his superior was skeptical, "you will meet her, and you can see whether every word of mine is true."

"You are a lucky fellow!" The Director slapped his assistant's back heavily.

"Oh, she's really nice!" Chen sighed helplessly, recovering from the savage blow.

"You know" — the Comrade took a package of Lucky Strike from his pocket and unexpectedly offered one to his assistant — "when I came into this so-called big city, I felt I had come to a desert. Even in Yenan, we had such fun. I had three girl friends. I was really romantic. Oh, we had such a wonderful time. But here, although I have a very important position as Political Director and Head of the Philosophy Department, what's the good of it after all? No fun! It really hurts my morale, you know." He flipped his Ronson, and lit the cigarette for his assistant.

"We will take care of that, my dear comrade." Chen puffed contentedly at his cigarette. "I am going to drive for female members. After my girl friend joins, I will tell her this: 'Now, Yung, your first and foremost duty is to introduce a very beautiful girl to our young and handsome Political Director.'"

They both laughed heartily.

"What did you say is your girl friend's name, Y —?" Kwei took out his gold-filled Parker-51.

THE FAMILY HAD finished packing. The Professor put on an old ragged gown. His wife and daughter, also in their oldest clothes, carefully smeared dirt and ashes on their faces and hands, and wrapped their hair in scarves.

The professor sat down and took a last look at the disorderly room, at the many things he had to leave behind. He had done this once before when the Japanese came. Now he had to flee again.

"How are we going to get through?" he asked in a tired voice.

"Don't worry. They won't stop us. There is a terrific food shortage in the town; the Communists took all the rice to feed the front. They are only too glad to see people leave. Of course they are conscripting young men, but I don't have to worry with these things on." Fong smoothed his beard.

They moved stealthily out of the house. Some moments later, a Communist soldier lunged out of the darkness and stopped them, holding his bayonet in front of him.

"Oh, please Comrade, we are moving into the country," said Fong pitifully. "We have been hungry for three days."

"Go on," shouted the soldier with a wave of his rifle.

They reached the boat after being repeatedly stopped and questioned by Communist guards. Five traveling companions were waiting, students who had joined the group. After exchanging greetings, they helped Dr. Chao and his family into the boat.

The boatmen picked up the long bamboo poles, and pushed the boat from the shore.

After a time, only the oars speaking in the silence, the Professor said:

"The Chinese have long learned that the best answer to tyranny is non-cooperation. When people like us, who have no ambition to dominate or dictate other people's lives, when people like us have to run away from the government, that government is doomed to fall. It has happened time and again in our history. History has also taught us that as long as our national consciousness remains, we will regain our independence. We fought Japan for eight years to preserve our independence; we didn't make all those heavy sacrifices so that Russia could have our country. What the people will always know is that whoever sells China to another nation is a traitor. And I am afraid that Mao Tse-tung is going to be the greatest traitor in Chinese history!"

Then only the oars spoke.

"No, no!" Comrade Kwei jumped into the air as if he had sat on a tack, his face dark crimson. "Now, you are

not joking, Chen, are you? This is very, very serious for you. I can tell you right now."

"I am awfully sorry," said Chen dejectedly. "This morning I went again to the Professor's to tell Yung of our plan. There was no one to answer my knock. I tried the door; it was unlocked. I immediately became suspicious. I went in, but I couldn't find anybody. The house was littered with clothes, books, and papers. I found a letter on the table. It was addressed to you. Here it is." Chen took the letter from his uniform pocket, then added hopefully, "Maybe you can find out from the letter why they are gone and where . . ."

"Fool, you think they will tell me?" Comrade Kwei snatched the letter rudely from his assistant's shaky hand and tore it open.

Dear Mr. Kwei,

My family and I have left for the land of freedom. I hope you too will come to realize that the Communist way of life isn't what the Chinese people want, and will soon meet with failure.

I am extremely sorry that I am unable to return your books. I hope Mao Tse-tung will excuse me for making a little fire with them on a cold morning when fuel was unavailable under his blessed rule.

Very truly yours,

Chao Tung

"It's a great insult to me, to the Party, and to Chairman Mao! And they got away with it, fine thing, fine thing!" The Comrade shouted

in exasperation. "However, it's a comfort to me that you are still here, my dear Chen Fo," sneered Kwei. "At least you didn't get away!"

"But Comrade, it doesn't have anything to do with me. I am innocent. Believe me —"

"You are a traitor! You are the man who helped them get away. They couldn't succeed without your help. You are the chief accomplice in the whole plot."

"I can swear I didn't know a thing about it beforehand."

"Isn't she your girl friend?" snapped the Comrade.

"Not exactly," stuttered Chen. "See —"

"What do you mean? You saw her only yesterday."

"But actually I didn't see her."

"Oh, stop that nonsense, will you?" The Comrade grasped Chen's neck in his big, strong hands and shook him violently.

"Comrade, Comrade, please, please just let me explain," pleaded Chen, half-choked.

"You are an accomplice of the imperialist and reactionary elements, a traitor, a Trotskyite, an enemy of the people —"

"Please, please let me explain, please —"

"You played the dirtiest trick on me."

"I swear I didn't mean to."

"You are under arrest!"

"But I can explain the whole

thing. Only allow me to explain."

"No more argument. Shut up!" He let go Chen's neck with a violent push, and grabbed the phone.

"Hello, Headquarters? This is Comrade Kwei, head of the Department of Philosophy of the Central China University. Please send two armed guards to pick up a prisoner — I mean a *traitor*." He slammed down the phone heavily, and fell into his chair, exhausted with rage.

"As far as promotion goes, nothing rates higher in the Party than catching a traitor!" he said, after a time, sneering triumphantly at his assistant who stood pale and trembling before him.

THE CORRECTION CENTER of the Central China District was originally an historically famous Buddhist temple situated on top of a scenic hill. The Communists drafted the monks and sent them to the front as coolies to carry supplies for the troops. The vacant temple was then converted into a correction center — a combination labor and concentration camp.

"Comrade Kwei, Comrade Kwei," Chen Fo called to the new prisoner a few paces ahead of him in the line. Although the man was in camp clothes, and had grown a dark beard, he was unmistakably the Comrade. Chen Fo felt as elated as if he had suddenly and unexpectedly met his best friend in a foreign country where he knew nobody. He had, in

his joy, forgotten that it was the Comrade who had sent him into this prison camp.

There was no answer. The man did not so much as turn his head.

"Excuse me, I think I know you," said Chen haltingly. "Tell me, are you Comrade Kwei, the Political Director of the Central China University?"

The man stared blankly for a moment, and then sighed deeply.

"Do you have to ask, Chen?"

"How did you get here, Comrade Kwei?"

"Well," said Kwei with another sigh. "That letter — that cursed letter you brought to me got me into all this trouble."

"What letter? I didn't bring any letter," cried Chen completely surprised.

"That letter — from the Professor, remember?"

"Oh yes," Chen nodded his head.

"But how?" he asked, more puzzled than before.

"Well, about a month after you left the school, an inspector came to check our work. He was trained in Moscow, and was known and feared by the whole Party as a strict disciplinarian. He inspected my office, my desk, and my drawers. He found the letter. He read it, and said I must have helped the Professor to escape. He condemned me as being guilty of collaboration with the reactionary and imperialist elements —"

"But that wasn't true at all."

"He said the Professor must have been a friend of mine, because the letter began with 'Dear Mr. Kwei.'"

"That's ridiculous. All letters begin that way, friend or foe," retorted his former assistant.

"Now, don't interrupt me, Chen, please," said the Comrade with good-natured impatience. "The worst charge was that the letter was disrespectful to Chairman Mao."

"But you didn't write that letter. You could explain that to him. Why didn't you?" said Chen Fo with righteous indignation as if a personal wrong had been done to him.

"He wouldn't let me. I guess it was the same old thing," the Comrade shrugged his shoulders, "as far as promotion goes, nothing rates higher in the Party than catching a traitor . . ."

In the Correction Center of the Central China District, the lectures of the political instructor had lately shifted from domestic issues to international problems.

The instructor was now engaged in an intensified campaign of words against American imperialism: the atomic threat of the United States to the peace-loving Soviet Union, the necessity for the Soviet nation to stockpile atomic bombs to destroy the aggressors . . .

"I think we will leave the camp very soon," whispered the Comrade to Chen Fo when they were alone together one night.

"You mean we will be freed?" asked the latter hopefully.

"No, not at all," the Comrade shook his head.

"Then where will we go from here?"

"Probably some place in Siberia."

"Siberia! Why?" exclaimed Chen in surprise.

"Did you hear what the instructor said?" asked Kwei.

"Yes, but I still don't see your point."

"Before I came to this place," confided the Comrade, "there had been talks between Peking and Moscow for the People's Government to send three million laborers to work in the uranium mines and on various other projects in Siberia. The agreement would be beneficial to both nations. It would supply the Soviet Union with urgently needed labor, and help relieve the severe famine in China."

"So you think we will go to Siberia!" Chen muttered thoughtfully.

"I am only guessing."

"Yes, I think you are right," agreed Chen Fo, suddenly waking up.

However, the party line was as unpredictable as a barometer.

"We didn't go to Siberia, but it looks like we will go to Korea or Indo-China," said Kwei excitedly a few weeks later.

"To do what?" asked Chen.

"To fight, of course."

"But there's no war!"

"There will be one," said the Comrade wistfully.

"I can never understand this thing!"

"I had better explain to you party policy: We believe that there is no possibility for the Communist nations and the capitalist nations to exist in peace in the same world. One must destroy the other," recited the comrade fluently. "The Soviet Union is inferior to the capitalist nations in industrial production, but she can make it up with her vast manpower. So when the eventual war comes, it will be a war of machines versus men. Each has its own advantage. With their superior machines our enemies hope to inflict tremendous destruction upon us, but its effect on our vast combined territory and our rural economy won't be as disastrous as they think. On the other hand, manpower is mobile, and intelligent; and is especially adaptable to our tactics of infiltration and guerrilla warfare. Now the greatest reservoir of manpower is in Asia. So to conquer the world, we must first control Asia; to control Asia, we must first control China; and to control China, we must first control Manchuria, which strategically is the most important part of Asia. That was why the Soviet Army occupied it at the end of the war, and kept occupying it until the Chinese Communists had it under complete control.

"Of course, all this isn't new. It was advocated by the Japanese long ago. But the basic strategy remains the same. In the last war, the Japanese made the terrible mistake of trying to conquer Asia before they had wholly subdued China and were able to exploit her vast manpower. The result — Japan lost the war. Today, the Communist nations have China and her big population under control. The next move of course is to conquer Asia, starting logically with Korea or Indo-China. For a long time, a large North Korean army has been in training. It has acquired enough battle experience in our civil war. The time for attack is near. We are supposed to support them if the going proves to be too tough."

"But I don't understand how China can stand another war after eight years' struggle with Japan," exclaimed Chen Fo, shaking his head.

"A nation can always fight until it's defeated," said the Comrade with a wry smile. "Besides, war has advantages: It helps unity. It entitles the government to demand more and more sacrifices from the people. It gives the government undisputed right to exercise strict control over everything, and, above all, it helps the government to weather a crisis."

"To arms! To arms! The United States has invaded our neighbor Korea!"

"American soldiers have crossed our border. They are bombing our territory and killing our people!"

"Mobilize! Let's die on the battle field rather than let the imperialist's chain fall on our necks."

These startling headlines flashed across the whole nation, adding bewilderment to fear.

In the Central China Correction Center, they were daily echoed by the political instructor:

"Comrades, our very survival is threatened! Let's volunteer! Our father-land needs us. The People's Government needs us.

"All of you must volunteer! You will be organized into a glorious dare-to-die battalion. Comrades, learn from the great Soviet people how they defended their nation against the Fascist invaders!"

Under armed guards who surrounded them on all sides with bayonet-fixed rifles, the prisoners were marched out of the camp down the hill.

Locked up in box-cars like cattle, they began their journey.

* * *

"Manchuria! Manchuria!" Comrade Kwei suddenly roused Chen Fo out of his half-dream. They both eagerly looked out of the slits in the wall, at the wide expanse of golden crops under the sun, and the shining snow-topped mountain ranges in the distance. . .

They crossed the Yalu on rafts

under cover of the dark night. Their political instructor had disappeared, and an army officer took charge of them. They were crowded into a big old building, heavily guarded by red soldiers. One day, they were issued cotton padded uniforms and new sandals.

"Comrades," said the officer, "I know you are all impatient to fight for your country and kill the American invaders. I am happy to tell you that the day has come! You will have the honor to be the vanguard of the mighty People's Liberation Army."

They were also issued arms: heavy old rifles of Chinese and Japanese make, bayonets, and ten rounds of ammunition each.

They were marched out at night by their officers and guards on horse back; rushed through small towns full of Korean and Chinese soldiers, who turned their curious gaze on them, and commented in low voices, "These are cannon fodder." They labored through soggy fields, on to craggy and dangerous mountain paths lighted by the lurid sheen of accumulated snow. Comrade Kwei and Chen Fo tried to keep as close to each other as possible.

"We are going to be the first wave," said Kwei.

"What wave?" asked Chen after a few moments' silence.

"Human waves. To drown the enemy with human waves, to swallow him up in a human sea. That

was how we defeated the Kuomintang army. They didn't have as many rounds of ammunition as we had men." The Comrade laughed unnaturally.

"But the Americans have plenty of ammunition."

"We will see. Maybe we won't be able to see," Kwei added gloomily.

"I feel I am dying. As the old saying goes, a dying man's words are sincere. I wish I had never had anything to do with the Communist Party!" said Chen bitterly.

A few minutes passed before the Comrade answered in a whisper: "Me too!"

* * *

Dawn came, and they had their first air raid experience. They were spotted by three airplanes, which dived low to bomb and machine-gun them. Kwei, Chen, and a youth jumped into a ditch, with the youth on the bottom, Chen in the middle, and the Comrade at the top. A few minutes later, the officer sounded the all-clear with his whistle.

Chen Fo was surprised that the Comrade was still lying heavily upon him without any sign of movement.

"Comrade Kwei, Comrade Kwei, get up, get up," shouted Chen suffocatingly from below. "It's all clear now."

The Comrade seemed to be asleep.

Chen began to feel annoyed. He rudely pushed his friend aside and got up from the ditch. The Comrade's dark face and bushy eyebrows

were frozen in an anguished expression. A tiny trickle of blood oozed out of his cotton-padded uniform. The Comrade was dead!

* * *

Under constant air raid, they marched on until dusk, and finally arrived at a mountain peak overlooking the whole deserted valley below.

"Comrades," shouted the officer in encouragement. "The enemies are not far from you now. Go destroy them! Kill the American imperialists! Now, forward march!"

"I won't march on any more," cried a shrill and hysterical voice. Every eye turned on the youth in horror. "I won't march on any more," shouted the youth, throwing down his rifle. "All you want me to do is to kill: kill the enemy, kill my father. . . . You can kill me, but I am not going any further. I will not kill!"

"Go on, you traitor, you rat! Go on, I command you." The officer rushed forward like a mad lion. He picked up the youth's rifle, and hit him savagely in the mouth with the heavy butt.

"I won't go on. I won't. You can shoot me, you beast!" cried the youth indistinctly but defiantly, spitting out mouthfuls of broken teeth and blood.

"I will be wasting the people's ammunition to shoot you," sneered the officer. "Here!"

The officer raised his booted foot,

and gave the youth a brutal kick which sent him down the precipice.

The whole valley below was at once filled with a horrible scream.

"This will serve as a good example to all traitors!" declared the officer with a triumphant and ugly leer. "Now, forward march!"

The weary, and frozen, sandaled feet dragged on obediently down the mountain path as in a nightmare.

* * *

At midnight, the distant rumbling of cannon could be heard distinctly.

"Comrades," said the officer, "the enemies are now before you. Kill all the Americans you can. Don't surrender. The Americans will torture you, and then shoot you! Don't turn back. The mighty Liberation Army is behind you. You will be executed as traitors! Remember, the People's Government knows where your families are, and you know what will happen to them. But if you die a hero on the battle field, the People's government will take care of your families."

The officer and the guards then remounted their horses, and galloped toward the rear. The sound of hoofs receded farther and farther away from the group of human beings who were like a flock of sheep lost in darkness.

* * *

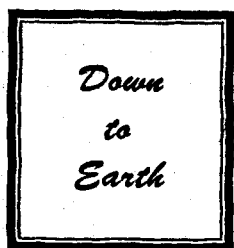
Machine guns chattered noisily before and behind them. Cannon boomed. Chen Fo instinctively lay down and pressed his body flat

against the hard, frozen soil. He didn't know where the others were. He was thinking hard. "Kill the Americans!" The words kept ringing in his ears. "What kind of people are they?" . . . He would give anything to see his home again, to sit and relax in the back yard . . .

He was awakened by shells which began to explode around him. In the infernal orange flash that followed each explosion, he could for a brief interval distinguish his companions lying not very far from him. He couldn't tell whether they were alive or dead. Bugles began to sound shrilly behind him, and the shouts of "KILL, KILL" came closer. The whining bullets flitted thickly over

his head like locusts. Suddenly, he remembered his rifle. But he couldn't find it. He crawled forward slowly, aimlessly. A shell exploded above him. He was knocked unconscious. Gradually he came to his senses again, dizzy, thirsty, and blinded. He was astonished to find that he couldn't move his body. The bugles and the shouts came closer and closer. An army of feet and hoofs trod over him. He felt crushed. He felt suffocated. He felt drowned. He was sinking, sinking helplessly. He attempted to make a last effort to move . . .

The shrill bugles and the unearthly shouts of "KILL, KILL" gradually faded away.



october questions

allen
devoe

NOT ALL OF US, nor even very many of us, may be so daft with delighted astonishment and curiosity about this green earth on which we find ourselves that we must become the kind of continual earth-considerers called naturalists. Quite a lot of us — urban civilization being now the far-spread thing it is, and a man-centered culture being the proud product of a great deal of contemporary education, and raccoons and tamaracks having been so long gone from Broadway and the Loop that they are now hardly a trace even in the mists of cultural memory — quite a lot of us, all these things being evidently the case, think only seldom of the primal earth-scene, or our place in it, and are seldom moved to the Adamite

astonishments and curiosities that make a naturalist. Still, the human animal being animal, and the earth forever the earth, there is *some* naturalist in all of us, without exception.

You can bring up a boy in a tenement and a poolroom, and feed him a diet of nothing but comic-books, television programs and fluorescent beer advertisements, and still, one of these days, the old earth-spell is going to reach out to him and touch him, and he is going to respond. He is not going to respond as sensitively as Henry Thoreau. He is not going to drop on his knees in a gush of aching tears, like John Muir in a Sierra gorge at sunrise when suddenly an ouzel sang. But there is going to be *something*

of this, however sluggish, feeble and weak with disuse. In some special mood and hour he is going to notice, say, the April greening of trees in Central Park; and abruptly there is going to stir in him what Raymond Fuller called the primitive sleeper. He may wonder to himself: Why are leaves green? He may be set thinking: How does a tree draw up its food, out of the body of the soil? He may be made to realize, if only for an instant, that all around him there is going on, by day and by night, the stunningly multitudinous operation of the life of nature; and for a second or two, at least, he is going to be caught up in awe, in wonder, and in the primal piety of amazement, even as was William Wordsworth.

The primitive sleeper is indestructible, however buried deep and layered over; for we are born of the earth, made of its mud. It is our home, and begetter. A scientist, as much as a primitive poet, must say that we are the children of that same parentage which breeds suns, newts, foxes, stars and moons, the green leaves of springtime and the red and golden leaves of fall. We are in a brotherhood with all of this. We are in a grandsonship, so to say, with old Adam; and the same wonderings and excitements, the same responses and allegiances, must pluck sometimes at every one of us, in however diminished a way, as long as the world lasts.

That pigeon up there, suddenly

catching our eye as it wheels from cornice to cornice of the skyscrapers between which we pick our way loaded with our fat briefcase and our burden of obsessive thought about a stock and a bond. . . . By Jove, I wonder how fast that gliding and glorious fellow-creature of ours is really flying? We don't have to be a naturalist to have such a question occur to us. We are all betimes *that* much naturalists. Here, beside our foot as we sit on a park bench, there stirs the arresting little wriggle of an earthworm. In this moment, we are moved to a wondering. What does he eat, this small brother of ours? Can he see? Is there a mind in him? There is no one of us, from however citified a background, or caught up in however nature-excluding a career, who is not sometimes prompted to such a thinking and wondering as that. We venture, on vacation, into the country dusk. What on earth sort of creatures are these bats that skim around us in the twilit sky, and how can they see in this dusk? Why do the birds sing? How can a snake move? All these animals around us . . . what roles do they play in nature's integrated totality, in the repose-in-progress of the whole unbelievable procession?

To such an extent as this, at least, we are all betimes naturalists, as we are all inalienably descendants of Adam. The old wonder stirs, inextinguishable even if our life has been all tenement and poolroom.

Down under the preoccupied fret about the stock and the bond, it stirs. Not all our fuss of small self-preoccupations can quite put it out. The primitive sleeper may sleep drugged and dulled, while we go toiling off after a fortune or some other pitiful little form of fancied power. But it is only a sleep and smothered drowsing. It can never be, quite, a death.

TO ROUSE UP our sleeping Adamitic wondering and glorying, and set us to asking questions about this bat or that pigeon or whatever other earth-magical thing, may take, as the phrase goes, a bit of doing. The sleeper in us may need to be slapped awake or shocked awake. So the wakings seem to happen, mostly, in the spring and autumn. This is hardly strange; for these are the seasons unmistakably of birth and of death. These are huge times, with all the creation fairly roaring at us the gigantic story of fecundity and aliveness, or roaring at us, in a darker cry, the fact that all aliveness dwindles and comes to a stop and is finished forever. So in spring, more than in another time, we may be shocked awake by the arrowing flight of a bird or the flaring bloom of a flower; so in autumn, more than in another time, we may be shocked to re-awareness of our earth, and of ourself its creature, by the sudden scent of withering leaves, the honk of wild geese vanishing toward the

south, the disappearance of woodchucks and bats and chipmunks and many another creature into the cold sleep of hibernation. We wake, all of us, in the spring; and ask questions. We wake, all of us, in the fall, and ask questions. Now, with the smoky-golden days of the year's October coming, we ask two questions particularly. Hardly a one of us is so little a naturalist that these do not occur to us. Why do the geese fly in V-formation? And, what sort of drowse, really, is this sleep of hibernation into which so many animals go?

They are not questions that take a very long answering. It seems a good idea that now, this October, we should answer them.

The geese, if we're roused up to wondering about their flight-wedge, may very likely seem to us to be flying in that formation in order that the birds behind the leader may be protected, each bird by the bird ahead, from the current of the wind. It is a reasonable guess. But the right answer, as it turns out, is different. Up in birds' world of the high air, wind-current is as native and congenial a thing as water-current to the dace in the creek. A bird doesn't want to avoid it; it seeks it. What would trouble a bird would be the break-up of the air-current by the tumultuous flight of a big bird ahead. When the great geese go honking and clattering southward, with the flock spread out in a wedge,

each goose in the formation is enabled to avoid the air-wake of the goose ahead, and to breast the unbroken air. And something else: visibility. A wedge is the perfect flight-pattern whereby each member of the flock may steadily keep view of the leader.

(It could be a longer answer than that, much longer. There is a dedicated naturalist, right now, writing a whole book about it. But it may be only briefly that the golden October is plucking us to response. We shall perhaps be back with those stocks and bonds in a minute or two, and lugging our briefcase like a reliquary, and the primitive sleeper may have slumbered off again while we concern ourselves with a fiduciary. What was that again about hibernation?).

A winter sleep? Well, yes, a sleep; but something much more. Physiologically, it is almost nearer a dying. That woodchuck that disappeared into its winter burrow . . . what became of it? This became of it: For weeks it had been foraging with increased appetite among the clover blossoms, and it had grown heavy and slow-moving. With the coming of the cool nights of mid-September, the woodchuck moved with a slower and slower gait, and emerged from his burrow less and less often for feeding trips. Layers of fat accumulated around the woodchuck's chest and shoulders; there was thick fat in the axils of his legs. He had

extended his summer burrow by now to nearly thirty feet, and made a deep nest-chamber at the end of it, below the level of the frost. He had carried in a little hay. He was ready for hibernation.

He curled in the nest-chamber, hardly moving. Gradually his body curled into a semi-circle, like a foetus. He folded his forepaws and tucked in his legs. He became a ball. His temperature started down. It went down from almost 100° to 80°, 70°, 60°, 50°. It never stopped until it got down to 40° or less. His breathing-rate dropped: ten times a minute, five times, once, finally only ten or twelve breaths an hour. His heartbeat diminished to a twentieth of normal. He had entered into hibernation. He is in it now, this minute, while October frosts lie across the meadows. He will stay in it, this fantastic death-sleep, until full Spring.

SO THOSE ARE the answers (the small inadequate answers) to two questions that come to nearly every one of us, in the golden autumn of the year. Now and then, as in this apple-smelling, woodsmoke-smelling season of October, when the pungence of burning leaves may reach and kindle a man even in a skyscraper, we are all touched by something of that earthawareness, that arousal of the primitive person inside, that persuades a naturalist to his perpetual passions.

Draughts of Old Bourbon

***Give a Man a Home, a
Hilltop, and a High Ceiling***

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
JAMES MONROE MADISON,
USNR



IT WAS IN the Summer of 1937 that I began building my home. My wife's divorcing me had caused me to notice the loneliness of hotel rooms, and I had begun to admit that I wanted and needed a place to call home. I had gone to Hawaii in May that year; I had spent a month at the Halekulani Hotel; I had met several people whom I liked; and one afternoon while I stood on a hilltop in the Pacific Heights sector of Oahu I realized I had found my place to live.

From where I stood I could see as much natural color as one can see anywhere on earth. Spread out

below me was a carpet whose basic color was green but into which was woven all the reds and yellows of the tropics. The shower trees were in bloom — rainbow showers, pink showers, golden showers. The orchids and plumeria furnished white, yellow, red and pink. The brilliant red was the poincianas; the lemon yellow was the ginger; and the dark, velvety red was the hibiscus. On the border of the carpet was the yellow beach, then white from the surf beating and vaporizing on the reef; cobalt sea; and the softer blue of the cloudless sky.

I liked the color and I liked the

climate. Hawaii is the tropics with a natural cooling system. It has the lush, spermy, colorful plant life of the tropics without either the annoying insect life or the oppressive, enervating atmosphere. For by some whim of the gods it is cooled by the trade winds which sweep down off the Japanese Current. Thus it is the meeting place not only of the artful East and the ingenuous West but also of the energetic North and the lethargic South.

Hawaii is an air-cooled Tahiti with plumbing and industry. It's the place where the Buddhist Temple is flanked on either side by General Motors and General Electric; where the Kanaka fisherman sleeps in the sun undisturbed by the Yankee salesman hustling to make his quota; where God-fearing New England Congregationalists live on the hills and God-loving Polynesian pagans live in the valleys; where aestheticism and wisdom meet materialism and knowledge.

In Hawaii you can feel that you are on a quiet and beautiful tropical island, two thousand miles from the Mainland of confusion and conflict, yet your newspaper is as fresh as *The Daily News* in Times Square. You can buy Coca-Cola and Listerine and Jergen's Lotion and Alka-Seltzer, yet there are no billboards advertising them. You can swim every day in the year, then burn eucalyptus logs in your fireplace at night. You can have deep foliage

and crawling vines with no fear of snakes, because in Hawaii Nature condescended to create a garden without serpents. There are a few uncomfortable days each year, days when the cool trade winds abandon the islands to the *kona* or "sick" winds from the South; and there is dampness and mustiness to annoy the newcomer; but, climatically, Hawaii comes near enough to being the rose without the thorn.

But color and climate alone didn't attract me to Hawaii. There was another, more powerful attraction. Perhaps I didn't recognize it as clearly in 1937 as I do now, but I must have felt it. Hawaii in 1937 was something like the South had been in 1850, or even as late as 1910. It was a peaceful, gracious, orderly place; the revolution had scarcely touched it; its Anglo developers still owned it and controlled it; the men who lived on its hilltops were like my father and grandfather; their fathers had come from Boston and Liverpool and Charleston; their names were Alexander, Baldwin, Brewer, Castle, Cooke, Davis, Dole, Gordon, Stuart, Jackson, Madison; they were my kind of folks and I could feel at home with them. The order, the way of life was familiar to me; there were moments when it seemed as though I had recollections of having lived there before in another lifetime.

There is a little of this old dark longing for the past in most of us

latter-day Southerners. Our enemies hate us for it; they call us Fascists or Bourbons or Jim Crow Liberals. And it's true that no matter how New Dealish we become, or how many times we vote for Roosevelt, there is the shadow that brushes our hearts at twilight and makes us wish that we had been born in 1810 instead of 1910; that we could have come to manhood in 1830 instead of 1930; that we could have lived our adult lives between 1830 and 1860, then ridden with Marse Robert and Stonewall and died at the top of the charge at Gettysburg.

Building my home in Hawaii in 1937 was only the effort of a displaced Southerner to replace his foundation stone in the bosom of an old order which he understood and trusted to endure. I was a traveler, an observer of the human procession, and I needed a safe and comfortable place in which to withdraw to record my impressions. Hawaii in 1937, five thousand miles from Asia, ten thousand miles from Europe, looked like the place for a home.

IT MIGHT BE alleged that in going to Hawaii in 1937 I was running away from conflict and responsibility. For I was twenty-eight that year and other Americans my age were traveling in an opposite direction, to Spain. I considered going to Spain; I don't believe I was afraid to go; but I didn't go to Spain because I couldn't decide on which

side to fight. I heard the bell tolling in Spain, but from which direction? A choice between a Franco and a Tito is a sorry choice on which to lose one's life. I looked long and sincerely at Spain; I tried to see black and white as a few of my friends said they did; but, like Franklin Roosevelt, I saw only gray. Moreover, in 1937 Spain wasn't an important nation to me. The important nations to me were, in the order of their importance, the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, Belgium and Holland, Scandinavia and France. The Nazis, the Fascists, the Soviet Russians were the barbarians. I was ready to fight for London or Paris, but not for Danzig nor Madrid nor Moscow.

Does a man's building his house on a hilltop indicate unsocial tendencies — or tendencies toward hopelessness? I built my house in Hawaii on a hilltop, the highest hilltop in Pacific Heights. I can sit on my *lanai* — porch — in the afternoons and look out over Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach and Honolulu Harbor. I can look northward to the forbidding cliffs of the Nuuanu Pali and on beyond to Kaneohe Bay. I can drive down to Waikiki and swim in the surf and lie in the warm sand; then in the evenings I can climb the heights again and feel the trade winds rise and sweep across my hilltop. I can burn my eucalyptus logs and smoke my pipe

and play my piano or listen to my recordings while I watch the moon rise out of the sea.

I believe that every aspiring man should aspire to live on a hilltop, preferably a hilltop overlooking water. My fathers built their homes on hilltops overlooking bends in the river. So did the Washingtons; so did the Roosevelts. The most impressive hilltop home in America is at San Simeon; and there was an impressive one in Europe at Berchtesgaden. Whatever this means, I'm a believer in hilltops as a place to live. On the few occasions when men are said to have been privileged to meet gods face to face, the meetings have been on hilltops. And the wisest teachers have advised men to seek the meanings of life up there as near to the stars as they can climb.

My home is modest. I inherited no wealth, and, since I am a member of America's first income tax generation and have had no businesses in which to husband my earnings, most of what I might have accumulated has gone into taxes. But the house does have one interesting room — the cathedral living room in which I have my piano, my fireplace, my books and my records. The room has no ceiling, only the polished cedar beams projecting upward and supporting the roof. It is twenty-four feet from the floor to the highest point of the roof. I believe that a man who lives on a hilltop should have at least one room with such a

ceiling; for I'm convinced that the height of a ceiling has something to do with a man's reach and a man's grasp.

I believe there may be some relationship between big houses and big men. Washington had his Mt. Vernon; Jefferson his Monticello; Jackson his Hermitage; Roosevelt his Hyde Park; Churchill his Chartwell. Big men seem to require big houses, so there must be a relationship between the height of a ceiling and a man's stature. And by and large I believe I had rather trust a man who lives in a big house than a man who lives in a garret. The belittlers of men too often live in garrets; the exalters of men more often live in big houses.

I believe that high ceilings tend to exalt men, and if all the men of our time are to live under eight or nine-foot ceilings I fear that we shall, indeed, have a century of common men.

The Chaplain Who Wouldn't Give Away Dishes

ON GUAM IN January 1945, I met a disagreeable chaplain. I was making a Navy propaganda film, and I wanted a chapel sequence — some footage of happy, clean-cut, healthy Navy personnel worshipping at one of the artistic chapels built all over the Pacific by the Seabees. I selected a chapel near the beach — the water and the palms would look good in color — and I

went to see the chaplain. His name was Paul Mitchell, a lean, intense man in his forties, a Presbyterian from Tennessee; he reminded me of John Huston, the movie director. He said he'd be glad for me to photograph his services and invited me to return on Sunday.

After I left the chaplain I followed a questionable if not dishonest routine. I told the commanding officer of the area about the film. The chapel would seat three hundred men, so for Sunday services I needed, not the thirty or forty men who usually attended, but a good, round three hundred, all of them clean-shaven and looking healthy, happy, and properly pious. I knew the yeomen in the office would pass the word that pictures would be made — pictures which the home folks might see in the papers, in *Life*, or in the theaters.

On Sunday morning we had more men than we needed. The chapel was overflowing. After we had shot enough footage on the exterior views, the camera crew started to move inside the chapel for the interior shots of the singing and the sermon. But the chaplain stopped the crew at the door, and when I intervened he said:

"I'm sorry, Commander Madison, but I can't be a party to this lie you are fabricating."

I guessed what he meant, but I pretended I didn't. "I'm afraid I don't understand, chaplain."

"It's all these men," he explained. "You propagandists — especially the movies — you have been telling the folks back home that there is a religious revival in this war. With your no-atheists-in-foxholes and praise-the-Lord-and-pass-the-ammunition you have been nourishing the belief that a large percentage of our men are seeking religious consolation. I know that's a lie; and so do you. A picture about Guadalcanal showed a religious service so crowded that the chaplain hardly had room to move. I conducted services on The Canal, and I resent that lie. This chapel was built to serve the spiritual needs of three thousand men. Not more than fifty have ever been inside. Yet this morning, because the news was spread that pictures were to be made, we have four or five hundred. I can't prevent you from entering this chapel, but I can decline to conduct the services."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. But I don't entirely agree with you. I should think you'd be glad to get new men to the chapel, even if we lure them with a motion picture. If they are here today you have a chance to induce them to come back."

He relaxed a bit. "I thought of that. But it won't satisfy my conscience. I never would give away dishes to lure a crowd to church just because the neighborhood movie did it."

"Well, consider it this way. It

isn't my fault the place is overcrowded. I'm just another man with a job to do. We've gone to considerable trouble to bring this equipment here. Now are you going to turn us away just because you have an unusual crowd?"

He smiled. "Don't take that advantage of me, commander — the advantage of putting it on a personal basis. This is a matter of principle. I'd be happy to conduct my usual services with my usual congregations before your cameras. But here you are asking me to be a party to a fraud — to a deliberate misrepresentation. And tell me this: Didn't you ask the commanding officer to see that a large crowd was here today?"

I chuckled. "You have me there, sir. I didn't ask in so many words, but — well, let's say I took actions which I knew would result in a crowd's being present."

"But that's misrepresentation!" he insisted. "You are contriving to present a false picture to the American people. Is the making of false pictures your business?"

"Maybe it is, chaplain," I said. "I don't seem to be quite as clear on the point as you are. I believe in propaganda. I have been a propagandist for this war since 1939. I did my little bit to sell the war to the American people. I told them it was a good and proper war. And I've tried to keep believing in it myself. In trying to sell the war — to

picture it as good — maybe I have been guilty of some misrepresentations — what you call lies. But all misrepresentations aren't necessarily evil. Suppose I called you a liar for preaching that the meek will inherit the earth?"

I was getting nowhere. I was annoyed at the obstruction; I knew the camera crew expected me to win the argument. I was backed by all the power of the Admiral and the United States Navy, and this chaplain from Tennessee was denying us the open door to one of our own chapels. But even the United States Navy can only retreat before a Presbyterian with his mind made up, so we loaded our cameras on the truck and called it a day.

Later I went back to see the chaplain, argued with him over coffee, and we became friends. He had been a missionary in Japan before the war; he spoke Japanese brilliantly; he was devoted to the Japanese Christian, Kagawa. He held the novel conviction on Guam in 1945 that the Japanese were not yellow rats but good, hard-working people with souls. He risked the vituperation of almost the entire American armed forces by going to the stockade on Guam and starting a Bible class among the hundred or so miserable little Japs whom we had taken prisoner.

"I suppose we must teach young soldiers to hate during a war," he said. "But a chaplain's business is to

love, not hate. A few of us have to keep our heads and prepare for the peace if there is to be any hope."

I intended going with him one night to the stockade and watch his service with the Japs. But when he warned me how many fleas he got on him every visit, and how much trouble he had getting rid of the fleas, I decided just to let him tell me about it.

On Iwo Jima I saw a revealing performance by Paul Mitchell. Moving along behind the assault waves, comforting our own lads who had been hit, he came upon the filthy, bloody body of a Jap who had been bayoneted several times but who was not yet dead. The chaplain dropped to a knee, took the Jap's hand in his, spoke to him softly in Japanese. The Jap's lips moved several times, then he died. I asked Paul what the conversation had been and he said:

"I told him that God loves all men — that one day there will be no more wars. I asked him his village and when he said he came from Kyoto I asked him if he remembered the little hill just north of the city where there is a Shinto shrine and where the cherry trees bloom in the Spring. He couldn't answer but I could feel his hand tighten on mine."

Random Thoughts On Bag-Carrying

A friend of mine, a news cameraman, had a favorite story he liked

to tell during the war. He was in Singapore in '42 when the old Bearers of the White Man's Burden were fleeing in confusion before the Japs.

"I've got my cameras set up down on the docks," he said, "and all these decadent, white-flanneled sons-o'bitches are down there milling frantically around a great pile of trunks, tennis rackets, golf sticks, and polo mallets. Their world is burning up; the barbarians are at their gates; and they're trying to get aboard one of His Majesty's ships. But would you believe it! There ain't a goddam nigger any place to load the baggage! These Empire Builders are just running around, swearing, wringing their hands, just appalled by the reality of a situation in which there are no baggage-bearers. I stood there and enjoyed the sight, then I shouted at 'em as loud as I could: 'Pick 'em up yourself, you sonso'bitches! I want to get one good shot of a British bastard carrying his own trunk in Singapore!'"

Well, that's a good story. I never failed to chuckle at it whenever he got drunk and told it. But in Calcutta one afternoon I witnessed another baggage-bearing spectacle.

A battalion of American Negro engineers were arriving for work on the Ledo Road. They had left the ship and were marching to barracks. Every Negro was marching happily unencumbered, strutting and en-

joying the situation. For alongside trotted a column of breech-clouted Indians carrying each Negro's bar-racks bag and equipment.

What a wonderful place the Orient is, I mused. For two hundred years British clerks have been coming out here to feel superior, to command inferiors, to have their burdens bourne. It's a place where even an American Negro private can feel like a rich man, swaggering along with a "monkey" to carry his baggage.

Some people, in the Pacific at least, thought of the Second War as a revolution of bag-bearers against bag-owners, of lawn-mowers against lawn-owners.

As for bag-bearing, is it fascistic or undemocratic for one man to carry another's baggage? The spectacle of a strong, healthy, well-

dressed man striding along unencumbered while behind him a weaker man labors with his baggage — is that a democratic spectacle? Should it be allowed in a well-regulated society? In all my life I don't remember carrying my own bag whenever a soliciting bag-carrier was at hand. I'm not too good to carry my own bag; but I remember once during the war I got off a train in Chicago and I was mildly annoyed when no one appeared to carry my bags. So I suppose I prefer a world in which bag-carriers are at hand, vying for my patronage. Does this mean I'm a fascist or a reactionary or an enemy of the people? Isn't it true that the relatively successful men will always walk unencumbered while the relatively unsuccessful will struggle with the baggage?

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